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Menace of Honesty at Ottawa

By

Frederick Greyson

MERE honest men are a menace in Canadian politics. In the Government of Canada are required men of genius—imagination and enterprise.

The danger in the honest man is that he may be chosen for a high office because of his honesty. When he has been in office a few months it is evident that he is honest and no more: he has no genius.

Honest men are very desirable and after everything is said and done, honesty must be the basis of all good things, in Government or in any other thing. But mere honesty is apt to be stupid, while genius is often associated with moral frailties. The question in our mind is this: Is the Borden Cabinet too honest?

Horse-stealing and Piracy upon the High Seas are forms of genius, misdirected. Great men in history have had their weaknesses, amiable and otherwise. Placed in different circumstances, Napoleon might have been a master yegg-man. Given an opportunity, Captain Kidd and King John and Louis Riel might have become bank presidents, railway promoters, great evangelists or statesmen. In the present instance, we refer to statesmen.

In the old school readers, Honest John, the Miller, set forth the charm of his honesty. While he did not give short weight in flour still it is open to question whether he was not the man in the village who opposed all progress, all reforms. For honesty is a solid thing. Its chief quality is fixedness. Like an ample waistcoat it is inclined to accompany self-content.

Unfortunately, business genius, the kind which is needed at Ottawa, is never out of work in Canada. A thousand opportunities open every morning to the Canadian who can see and think and act, more clearly and with more speed than others. The difficulty is to attract these men of genius into the service of the nation. They can make more money in selling real estate or promoting companies. In politics, their ambition meets more rebuffs and the reward is partly paid in glory, which is something like one of those cheques for ten thousand—good wishes, which one receives at Christmas time from a wealthy relative.

One might be led to believe that Premier Borden's Cabinet is too honest, that it lacks Genius. From the things said



HON. R. L. BORDEN,
Prime Minister.



HON. G. H. PERLEY,
Without Portfolio.



HON. T. W. CROTHERS,
Minister of Labor.



HON. J. D. REID,
Minister of Customs.

by the daily papers it is composed either of incapable or hopeless paragons of honesty. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while he was himself above the shadow of reproach, employed in his Cabinet at different times men who were notoriously lacking in a sense of personal honor. In a long open our wilderness with steel rails and rolling flat-cars full of civilization into Canadian fastnesses, his own government co-operated with men who were undoubtedly dishonest in some things and men who have even gone so far as to attempt bribery. Laurier may not have known that he was dealing with such men. In his loyalty to his colleagues he may have ignored the allegations made against them. But there are those who have a shrewd suspicion that he knew, and that he preferred to employ tainted genius even at the cost of promoting dishonest men, rather than suffer the development of the nation to be retarded in the hands of mere Honesty. We have no evidence that this was Sir Wilfrid's policy. One could not say that such would be a desirable policy. But in the Government of Canada it must always be wise for any Prime Minister to bear in mind that Canada must not only be governed, but constructed that national construction work requires the biggest brains obtainable and that, rather than employ mere honest dullards, it might pay Canada to

hire Bill Miner or a Jesse James even at the cost of letting them steal the gilt from the picture frames in the Senate.

There is not quite enough imagination in the Borden Cabinet. Hon. Mr. Borden, Mr. Perley, Mr. Doherty, Mr. Foster, Mr. White and Mr. Cochrane, never dream. Mr. Burrell may, but his dreams touch more the question of apples than Dreadnaughts. Of the others, two offer: Mr. Monk and Mr. Hughes. Colonel Hughes has enough imagination to supply a regiment. His dreams are, however, inclined to be quickly built and quickly unbuilt, like patent tents, or portable houses in Cobalt. The Colonel's imagination runs like fire over short dry grass. There is a blaze of light and it is gone. There is a crackling sound and then silence. Colonel Hughes' imagination will serve its purpose in the New Cabinet. It may act as tinder to the heavy mass with which it is associated. It may blaze up and give proper light at proper times. The imagination of Honorable F. D. Monk is of a different sort. It is of the slow, smouldering kind, that works slowly into the vitals of things, warasing the material, heating the fibres; and then suddenly, one day there may be a blaze and the whole Cabinet shall have caught fire from this one man's brain. But beyond these two men, where else is there any imagination in the

Borden Cabinet? Is there a daring man in it? Someone may suggest Mr. Rogers. Perhaps he may serve the purpose. But it is not likely, his career, so far, has given no great signs. Meantime, some of the new men may develop what is wanting.

There will always be surprises in the Cabinet. Men, who are now not as well known as other members of the Cabinet and who perhaps have not made great marks in the past, may when placed in this new environment develop altogether unsuspected traits which will make them outshine their colleagues. Of these no one can prophesy except their personal friends, and in these cases the utterances might be humanly tinged with prejudice. We have dealt in this article with those from whom it may be reasonably expected that the energy and impulse of the Cabinet will come.

The working of any Cabinet is a reaction: certain elements placed together give certain results. It is a psychological reaction in which an unknown element is always being interpolated—the element of public need and popular feeling. The reaction ceases only when the elements are withdrawn from their official contact, that is to say, when the Cabinet is dismissed from office. In the present instance and until that time, the action of one mind upon the other minds, the action of Colon-

el, the Honorable Mr. Hughes upon Honorable Mr. Doherty, of the unendurable Tom White upon the high-spirited Monk, of Honorable Mr. Borden upon Honorable Mr. Foster, and of public need, popular feeling and party opportunity upon the whole of them, must continue as the mysterious process from which is to be generated the new laws, new policies and the general conduct of Canada's affairs.

Will the Borden Cabinet be able to pull together? Provided it has genius, what assurance is there that this very genius might not wreck the Cabinet by importuning controversial matters?

There is one man who will keep this Cabinet together. His name is C. J. Doherty—the new Minister of Justice. Mr. Doherty cannot make a good platform speech to save his head. He is shy as a girl before a political audience. He fixes his eyes on some safe spot on the wall at the back of the hall, and rolls his fat hands together while he sends forth limping platitudes, old worn-out phrases that he has heard used on like occasions—and half forgotten. He is apologetic and embarrassed; he has a poor delivery and does not know what to do with his hands. In short, he is a weak man on the stump. But in the Cabinet, and, at times, in the House of Commons itself, he will be to the leader of the Government like the shadow of a Rock.



HON. C. J. DOHERTY,
Minister of Justice.



HON. A. E. KEMP,
Without Portfolio.



HON. FRANK COCHRANE,
Minister of Railways.



HON. GEO. E. FOSTER,
Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Last session, when Hon. Mr. Aylesworth was compelled to glide 'round some pretty sharp corners in connection with certain constitutional points, it was Doherty who rose in his seat opposite and confounded the great lawyer-Minister upon his own arguments. In several quiet instances it has been Doherty who rammed a point home against the late Government. He seldom has been seen in any showy crisis. His utterances are never dramatic—unless it be by reason of their very simplicity; he is merely a still small voice talking wisdom through a knot-hole.

The burden of holding the Borden Cabinet together falls chiefly upon this man—plump Doherty, with a far-sighted squint. He is not burdened with selfish interests. He is not burning with ambition. In fact, he may perhaps be just a trifle too "set" in his views, too unimaginative. But he is a dogged friend and a sagacious counsellor to R. L. Borden. He it is who gives to the new Cabinet an element of compromise that will make it possible for the various members of the Cabinet to work together. For instance, White, Cochrane, Foster, Monk and the Prime Minister are not flexible men. If two opposed ideas lay between them there might be a deadlock. The other members of the Cabinet would be inclined, we venture to say, to be either too timid to make

Foster's old figure everybody knows. Whenever the new Cabinet does a quick, keen—perhaps cruel stroke of business, let the public see if it is not that pale grey shadow with the burning eyes and the soft

suggestion, or so careful of their own interests that they would watch first which side would be the more profitable to support before speaking. But Doherty supplies the compromising initiative; in such a circumstance it would be Doherty who would bring about concessions from both sides, and co-operation in the end.

Of Mr. Borden himself there should be little to say. Much has been written of him; some of the things said of him are true. It is certain that he is in all things a gentleman; equally certain that he will not tolerate corruption. On the other hand, it is a question just how well he can handle his men. Whether he has the art to beguile their loyalty or the courage to compel it, is for those who know him better to say. Having given his word, he will abide by it. Having made a promise, he will strive to fulfil it. Having faith in a colleague, he will accept his word at all times—and perhaps be led into error. But he has not, as was pointed out before, the quality which manifested itself in Laurier when Laurier employed men who were obviously dishonest to do development work for the country which no mere honest men appeared capable of doing.

Foster's old figure everybody knows. Whenever the new Cabinet does a quick, keen—perhaps cruel stroke of business, let the public see if it is not that pale grey shadow with the burning eyes and the soft

voice standing in the background of the scene, who prompted it.

When the Conservative party does something particularly magnanimous, high-principled, and almost pedantic, let them look for the hand of F. D. Monk. It will be his hand. But if—some day when Borden and Hughes, Doherty and Foster are away—if then the Conservatives, pressing forward in the War of the Chamber to the very point of victory, suddenly falter, hesitate and lose the day—look also for Monk. The most lovable man and the most noble-hearted man in the House of Commons, his courage sometimes ebbs when it should flow and he retreats when he should leap over the wall.

This may never show. And yet there is a chance of its coming to pass because of Mr. Borden's lack of "public men" in his Cabinet. Himself, Foster and Monk are his best debating strength, and Monk will have to be used to a large extent. In council, Monk will give sage advice and speak conscientiously for Quebec. As a Roman Catholic Nationalist, he will not be liable to over-reach, although in the sincerity of his purpose he may at times ask, on behalf of the French-Canadian Nationalists, more than he will receive. He is not anti-British, but he is, on matters of the Flag, what might be called an intellectualist—Imperialist-Nationalist. He

holds what is virtually the Liberal view of National-Imperial matters. It is not unfair to him to guess that his views coincide with those of Laurier and the Carnegie peace-fund commissioners; in short, a sort of English-speaking brotherhood, a fraternity of English-speaking nations including as much the United States, as Old England herself.

Honorable "Sam" Hughes has been laughed at far too much. He is a good soldier and an earnest man. He has, as we have said before, imagination and a sense of humor. Cornered on some matter concerning the Protestant religion Colonel "Sam" will fight to a finish, as the saying goes. But, handled properly, convinced by good logic, he is the very man who would see justice done and done in no half measures. In military matters, Hon. Colonel Hughes is a master. He has originality and ingenuity, as is demonstrated in the case where, in the Boer war, the Colonel linked his outpost together by large pieces of twine attached to the thumbs of the men so that if one of the enemy crawling up in the darkness, knifed an isolated man, the others would be warned by the strain of the falling body upon the cord on their thumbs. Colonel Hughes may be relied upon to furnish an element of "ginger" to the Militia Department.



HON. J. A. LOUGHEED,
Without Portfolio.



HON. MARTIN BURRELL,
Minister of Agriculture.



HON. J. D. HAZEN,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



HON. F. D. MONK,
Minister of Public Works.

Hon. George Perley represents what is probably most characteristic in the new Cabinet, that is to say, the public spirited business men of the country. Mr. White is a financier, a man educated in the money exchanges, but Mr. Perley is directly associated with the buying and selling of products. He is a very wealthy man: most of his wealth he accumulated in the lumber business. He combines with his natural instinct for preserving the privileges and opportunities of Canadian merchants, a sense of public duty of which the public had some evidence when, during the anti-reciprocity campaign, it was inadvertently revealed that Reciprocity would, if carried, place thousands of dollars in the pocket of this man, George Perley, who was fighting it for purely patriotic reasons. That does not make Perley an ideal Cabinet Minister. People may point at him and at White and exclaim at the honesty, the sound business judgment and the common sense of such men. This serves only to emphasize the very quality of which some Canadians are in doubt—the Honesty of the group. "Billy" MacLean, in the Borden Cabinet, would probably have started everything on the road to ruin three times a day. There are those who say, had he been included in the Cabinet, that he would have wrecked everything, alienated his friends and scuttled the ship for the sheer glory of wrecking something. But

"Billy" MacLean would at least never have been in fear of precedents and the status quo, would have given point to the Cabinet's meetings, shaken it out of ruts, stimulated its imagination, smashed any fetishes that might have been lying about the floor of the Council Chamber, and yanked up a smile or two of railroad every morning before breakfast, just as a mild corrective for the corporations. His good works would have required weeding out from his hysterical works. Uncontrolled, he would, no doubt, have wrecked the very stars. But controlled, used sparingly, fed out in spoonfuls, or through valve, or used carefully like dynamite, he would have worked great good in Ottawa. He might have guaranteed the efficiency of Messrs. Monk and Hughes as the Imaginers, as it were, of the Cabinet. He would have made counter-balance for Mr. Perley.

To deal with the new Minister of Finance in detail, is to give him more space than he is worth at present. In the sphere which he has just vacated he gave every evidence of becoming a great man. As it is, it is not yet fair to say that he is a great man. One could only hope that the same ability which has marked his career so far will continue to characterize it in the future. His elevation has caused misgivings in the Conservative party. There are those whose political and social ambitions have been checked by the sudden

appearance of this young stranger in the political arena. But as they feel the chill of the shadow now, they will feel the iron grip of party discipline later. Whether they like it or not, they will be compelled to recognize that Mr. White will indeed be a hard man to remove, justly, from office.

Mr. White has been known for some time to be indifferent to the Hydro-Electric policy of the Ontario Government, the same radical policy which is more than popular in that province. He has been accused of being allied with Interests. It has been said that the Canadian Manufacturers are behind him. And the most definite allegation that has been made against him is his alliance with the Canadian Northern R. R. and the Bank of Commerce.

In the midst of all this speculation it is only fair to Mr. White to say that his wise-acre critics have counted without their host; they do not know the man. In his first address in his election work he denied all these charges and gave it to be understood, positively, that he was in favor of Public Ownership. William Thomas White did not seek politics. He had already attained considerable wealth and was, it is said, looking forward to some repose after his strenuous years in busi-

ness, when Premier Borden expressed the view that Sir Edmund Walker should appear with him on the Toronto platform previous to the election, and when in his place Mr. White was sent forward to represent the famous "eighteen" Liberals. He had been converted to "Toryism" by the proposed Reciprocity pact. He cast away his hopes for an easier life and threw his lot in with those in the political arena.

Toronto did not know him when he came before the Conservative mass meeting in Massey Hall last February. He was formally introduced to that audience as the chief administrator of a well-known trust company in that city. His audience knew the trust company, but did not know him. They beheld merely a tall, slim man with an earnest expression of countenance stepping forward to speak to them without flamboyancy, without oratorical display and with very little ornamentation of any kind. His speech was a simple, plain, homely talk. Whether he was correct in his estimate of Reciprocity or incorrect, at least he spoke with evident sincerity. When, in August, he made a second speech before the people of Toronto, and when later he toured Ontario making daily speeches, people began to pay more attention to him. Tongues were



HON. SAM HUGHES,
Minister of Militia.



HON. W. B. NANTEL,
Minister of Inland Revenue.



HON. DR. ROCHE,
Secretary of State.



HON. W. T. WHITE,
Minister of Finance.

set wagging and speculation as to his motives for deserting Reciprocity and in entering the Conservative ranks, was rampant.

The shock of his appointment as Minister of Finance needs no description to any Canadian. Conservatives were aghast. The public was by this time become somewhat reconciled to the novelty of the situation, and yet a great many people are asking what sort of a man is he? Will he make good? As an individual, apart from whatever may be his business relations, will he do the work which Hon. Mr. W. S. Fielding so recently laid down, properly? What will be his influence in the Borden Government? These questions are not easy to answer, and the only assistance that the enquiring Canadian can hope for is to look at young "Tom" White's past.

He was born on his father's farm near Bronto. That was forty-five years ago. His parents were of Scotch and Irish descent. He was educated in his own country up to the time that he went to Toronto University. He spent two terms in that institution and then ran short of money. Seized with a desire to do something for himself he took a reportorial position on the Toronto Telegraph. From this he took a position in the Assessment Department of the municipality. Resuming his studies, he graduated from the University

with a gold medal in Classics and political science. He then studied law and, alternating in employment between City Solicitor's office and the Assessment Department, he won a gold medal at Osgoode Hall. Now, though he, he would practise law. But another hand intervened. At this time the National Trust Company was being organized. Mr. White had been defending his assessment of downtown property before the Court of Revision and so well did he defend it that Mr. E. R. Wood took note of the young man and offered him the management of the new company at an annual salary of \$3,000. White accepted. At the end of the first year he received a bonus of \$1,000, and his salary went up by a like amount. At this, the time of his retirement, it is estimated that his salary is between \$15,000 to \$20,000.

Looking into the details of Mr. White's career so far as it has carried him, and studying the characteristics, it seems difficult to believe that he will be the man who will serve the interests of the Bank of Commerce and the C.N.R., or, in fact, he will serve any interests. These are the words of a man who worked over him: he said the other day: "Tom White will serve no interest. He will be the tool of no man. He will be White's man, responsible only to himself. And because he will be responsible only to himself. He will be a dangerous man to handle."

In other words the individual or the corporation that goes to Ottawa looking for special treatment from the new Minister of Finance, will get it—but not in the expected way. Without vision, without imagination, proposals submitted to this man will have to be clear cut. Unyielding and inscrutable, he will be the "man from Missouri" in the Cabinet.

Hon. Frank Cochrane, the new Minister of Railways and Canals, has better qualifications for this work than any other man who has ever held the portfolio. At all events he has had ample ministerial experience as Minister of Mines in the Ontario Government, and his connection with the building and operation of the Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Railroad qualifies him to say that he knows more than a little of Government railroad enterprises. His administration of the L.C.R. and the G.T.P. will undoubtedly be efficient and honest. He brings with him from Sir James Whitney's Cabinet to Mr. Borden's Cabinet the germ of radicalism and enterprise which has characterized the present Conservative regime in Ontario. He will be enthusiastic in opening up new territories wherever the prospects justify the venture.

The new Minister of Agriculture is a man apart among the politicians at Ottawa. He is not as rugged in his outlines as most

Canadians. He has a fancy for niceties and delicates of deportment which betray the fact that his education was not all obtained in this country where practical considerations so often come first—and last. Yet in his ability and his use of energy he is quite Canadian. He came to Canada a ship-wrecked man. Somewhere off our inhospitable eastern coast lie the worldly goods, the family heirlooms and household gods of Mr. Martin Burrell and his wife. It is said that they arrived in St. Catharines, Ontario, temporarily embarrassed by the loss of their personal and other luggage. It was not long, however, until Mr. Burrell had made a name for himself in the vicinity of St. Catharines as a clever fruit-grower and one whose property became the envy of many a less skilled agriculturist. Ten years ago Mr. Burrell removed to British Columbia where his same painstaking methods have brought him the reputation of being one of the most successful fruit-growers in that fruitful province.

In the House of Commons Mr. Burrell appears to be of a retiring disposition and yet when occasion arises he can pursue an argument to the bitter end and thrust home his points with a nicely of language and subtlety of manner that has won him many a round of applause. He is apt to refer to the classics in his speeches. He is



HON. ROBERT ROGERS,
Minister of the Interior.



HON. L. P. PELLETIER,
Postmaster-General.

inclined to avoid colloquialisms. His addresses are, however, only the more effective for these departures from the general rule in the House of Commons. He will, it is safe to say, be an excellent addition to the personnel of the Cabinet. His administration will be, we venture to say, of the best kind. His political counsel will be careful and firm in tone, and his presence in the House itself, while mild, will be felt by the opposition.

On Hon. "Bob" Rogers it may be said that he is a thorough westerner and every-inch a politician. The plains will never lack representation while he is extant. It will be for him to ensure that the Western plains vote consistently Conservative next election.

The two rocks which threaten the new Cabinet are the Naval question and the question of extending the boundaries of Manitoba, and reviving the Separate

School problem of that Province. Liberals are not averse to hoping that one of these two things will knock a hole in Mr. Borden's pinnace. It may so happen. But on the other hand, fifteen years storage in the camphor-halls of opposition must have taught the Conservative Party a number of tricks in political navigation of which the Liberals have yet to learn. Already the Roman Catholics of Manitoba are discussing the question of Separate Schools in that Province. The Roman Church is insisting, through some of her ministers, that with the re-adjustment of Manitoba's boundaries there must also be a re-adjustment of the school situation. Laurier studiously avoided this problem, knowing very well the trouble it would bring upon him. Mr. Borden has, however, assumed the settlement and it is, therefore, right to expect that he has allowed for all difficulties and is prepared to meet them.

His Executor

By

Alan Sullivan

HAD Mary Arnott been marked by anything more characteristic than a certain placid acceptance she might have wondered at her husband's attitude toward Peter Wentworth, for Peter had become an appendage of the Arnott house. Many homes were open to him, but he drifted there constantly, almost automatically.

He was differentiated sufficiently from her husband to give Mary a pleasing sense of light and shade, and he seemed to keep her in touch with realities to a degree that purely marital relationship would never have effected. Peter himself with his reprehensible garb, his quizzical twinkle and irrepressible humor, supplied something that she sub-consciously lacked in the more sombre Arnott, and—was not the friendship of the two an answer to everything?

But to-night, in a shadow of childless loneliness, her mood called for her husband. In the seasons of unfeasted longing, and they came not seldom in spite of all her plodding, there was that in her heart which locked and harred its every approach to all save the controlled and uncommunicative Arnott. And so, at his step and the click of the lifted latch, something of her depression passed into the relief of welcome.

As she listened at her dressing room door, Peter's voice sounded cheerily. "I'm all right old chap," her husband came quickly up the stairs, entered the room and put his arm around her shoulders.

"I brought Peter to dinner. Picked the old chap up at the Club, desperately lonely. He balked a bit, but I insisted."

Mary drew his face down to her lips. "Jack, dear, I didn't want Peter this evening. I wanted you."

A shadow fled through his eyes, then he looked at her smilingly, "Don't want Peter—why he's much better company than I am."

"Jack, don't you understand? I wanted to be alone with my husband."

"I didn't know dear," he said soberly. "I'm sorry, but you've never complained of his presence before."

She did not raise her head or speak and he hesitated for a moment. She held more closely to him, her arms about his neck, he looked at her, clinging, and murmured half aloud, "Poor old Peter."

Her quick lifted eyes met his own, "Why poor Peter?"

"Don't you know, Mary?" he said gently.

She shook her head, "How should I?"

Her bent shoulders straightened under his hands and his gaze insistent and compelling met and sank into her own. "Are you blind, quite blind; what is it that brings Peter here?"

"Jack, I can't understand you. There's every reason, everything that men find in each other."

"Nothing else," he said, with eyes still reading her own.

She met them wonderingly, "What else could there be?"

"Suppose I were to tell you that what holds Peter and myself together is the very thing that makes bad blood between most men, but, because Peter is Peter, it's different with us."

She stared at him, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Peter loves you," he went on doggedly and dispassionately. "I mean that—"

"Jack it's not true—how dare you say that!"

"I mean," he persisted, "that this is the only thing in his life he values. It's not myself, it's you; and it has made him a prince of gentlemen."

Mary's lips moved in a wordless speech, that framed no answer. It had all been so perfect, David and Jonathan, husband and friend, between them she had moved happily and carefree, accepting love and loyal service, as of the things appraised. All her existence was wrapped up in Arnott. She was swayed by a worship of him that often frightened her in its intensity, and yet, strangely enough, its expression was sometimes baffled by its very strength. She could never abandon herself, but when the realization of it came, it seemed something too divine to release from the boundaries of her own spirit, too rare to share even with its own object.

It was unutterable that Peter should feel for her anything of the nature and quality of what she felt for her husband.

"How do you know?" she said faintly. "Because I know men." He spoke insistently with a great conviction: "You don't, you know only one. I have something Peter has not, but he lets that make no difference—that is Peter's honor."

She looked at him helplessly, "I don't want to go down. I can't."

"You must, more now than ever before," he encouraged quickly. "It's a queer sort of triangular affair, and you were the undefined apex, and, it's much better that you should learn from me than anyone else. I'll be down in a moment."

Mary talked mechanically through an interminable dinner, her eyes ranging from one face to the other. There was nothing to mark any difference. Arnott was as ever an agreeable host. Wentworth a welcome guest. Her husband's face, keen, strong and introspective was not that of a man who had pierced the innermost secret of his friend's heart and found something that works like poison in the blood of most of such discoverers. Wentworth, cheerful, even merry, seemed never to have heard of such a thing as hopeless love, nothing could have been more foreign to the quick response that met her

attempts at conversation. But beneath it all she felt for the first time the undercurrents of life, and trembled at the murmur of their moving tides.

To-night she watched the part he played and marvelled at such clear-eyed guile. It did not seem possible that her husband was right, but innumerable little half-forgotten happenings, crowding hurriedly into her brain, all hinted at the same story, and when she escaped it was a flushed face in her hands and think.

At her going a silence fell between the two men, and Arnott's face took on a strange impenetrability. The wordless space lengthened almost to the point of embarrassment, when he suddenly said: "I had rather an interesting case last week and am particularly anxious to get your opinion on it."

"Let's have it, old chap. My opinion is not worth much as you have proved in court several times lately; but you're welcome to it."

"A woman came to my office in great distress," resumed Arnott, "a woman you know, so I won't mention names. She has been married for several years to a man who has had her entire respect and confidence. After several ineffectual attempts she told me she had discovered a week or so ago that her husband lives a double life, and is away from town a great deal."

His guest looked at him comprehendingly and Arnott went on: "This man, whom I saw next day, strikes me, strangely enough, as being quite a decent fellow. He isn't low or vile in the usual sense of the word. Finally I got him to talk. It's rather a long story, but here is the gist of it.

"He believes in something that he calls the duality of life, and holds that he, and for the matter of that, all the rest of us, are composed of two elements, one good and one bad."

"Now the curious part of it all is that he loves his wife, there is no question of that, but he has never dared to exhibit his whole composite self to her. He has made a burnt offering, so to speak, before her, of his better nature."

There was a strange note in his voice. To Wentworth it sounded as though Arnott spoke to a judge. They were both leading members of legal firms, they had

striven mightily in court and had effected many a compromise at the cheery fireside of their club, but now Wentworth felt that he was on new ground.

Amett leaned forward. "There's one thing I did notice, he seems self-possessed and almost blatantly satisfied, but I am certain that that is superficial. It's his way of carrying it off. He's too proud to face the inevitable. I'm morally certain that he is full of a great remorse and would play the game if he could break himself to do it."

"You have said nothing about his wife," put in Wentworth.

His host hesitated. "She is the kind that would appear desirable to any man."

"Then I can't see that there is any question about it—legally."

"Of course not," his host broke in, "it's the other side of it. The man is not immoral, he's unmoral. It's the justification I'm driving at. What about that?"

Wentworth thought silently for some time and scanned the keen face across the table. He had never questioned Arnott's interpretation of such matters, for was not Arnott Mary's husband. Then he shook his head slowly; "There isn't any justification, old chap."

He fingered his wine glass with something of mystification. His own mind shrank delicately and instinctively from tainted things. He had preserved a fresh and wholesome view with all his worldly wisdom and had mentally linked arms with Arnott in the paths through which his own idealism had led. But this was something new from Arnott.

He rubbed his fingers together expressively and again had the strange prompting that he was on some invisible bench, and to banish it, said almost sharply, "You want me to say exactly what I think?"

Arnott nodded, with eyes still fixed on his guest.

"Well, it's inexcusable from any point of view. This man lives and sets a lie. Mind you, I think he has probably paid for it a thousand times; paid more than it was ever worth, and his carried round with him a private personal purgatory whatever he may protest to the contrary. Poor devil. I'm sorry for him."

"So am I." The words came slowly, but very distinctly—

Wentworth walked home with a mind full of old rebellious questions to which he never could find any answer. Sometimes he was able to temper his thoughts till they moved in parallel with an outward contentment, but to-night, a lonely imagination overleaped every boundary. He half guessed that Arnott knew. If he did not know, why should he have so often exposed himself, so often set aside his husbandship? Why should his hospitable door seem to swing open automatically at his friend's approach? Then Mary's face came between him and the reflection on her husband's rare understanding, and at the vision every fibre of his being went out in unutterable longing. From the beginning it was written that he should worship Mary and Mary alone.

He had never told her. Love was born in him when she had married Arnott, and it was a year later that he read his fate in her gentle eyes. A remorseless destiny had guarded his soul, kept it clean, noble and brave as though for some high purpose, and then set him on the hordes of a fair country which was not of his.

Beside an expiring fire Mary looked at her husband with trouble in her eyes,

"Jack?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm afraid you've spoiled everything for Peter and me. Oh why couldn't you have left it just as it was. I don't want to see him at all, now."

"I think you are wrong there. If you won't see him, it will be cruel, and if I had not told you it would have been cruel too. Now I'm going to tell you something more."

A log collapsed on the hearth and shot out a myriad of little points of light. The glow dwelt for a space till he met her questioning gaze, and said thoughtfully: "People can't accept each other in their entirety, and it's a merciful providence that only rarely we get suggestions of it. That applies to you and Peter and to you and me, as well."

"Jack, what do you mean, haven't you taken me—the whole of me?"

"No, I don't think so, because I never can know the whole of you and you wouldn't like it, if I did."

"Really? You are extremely complimentary."

"Think for a moment," he persisted. "I speak now of myself. I have impulses, thoughts and emotions and I perform mental acts which are no less real than physical ones and which,"—he paused, then, suddenly, "I would rather die than reveal, even to you."

The quick color palpitated on her cheek, then she slipped down on the rug and hid her face against his chair.

"It's true, Jack," she whispered, "I know it's true, and with me too, but don't pull Peter into it."

"It's partly on account of Peter that I mention these things," he said gaudily, "don't be too kind, and—" he smiled, turning her face up to his; "don't be too attractive, it will be easier for Peter. Easier for the side of him that he will never reveal, but you must never forget."

A sensing of unspeakable things came over Mary. It was the first time that, for her, the semblance of life had been torn away and now she had a glimpse of the rioting atoms that convention has shaped into a more or less acceptable structure. She could never, never think of Peter again in the same way, and, realizing this, experienced a dull resentment against her husband.

"You should not have spoken like this, Jack, you have done more harm than good—to all of us," she added bitterly.

The words slid by him ineffectually. He was staring at her through half closed lids. "If, sometime, you should discover things about me, should discover the other side of me, and it was different from all of your ideas, would you be satisfied, be big enough to accept what you do know now, and be content with that?"

"Jack, dear, don't, you fill me with useless fear. God knows what you mean to me." She pressed her cheek close against his arm. "I love you. I love you."

A flying shadow sped across his face, and touched it with a sudden nameless change. Then Mary looked up at him. "Come dear, you are tired."

He did not answer, and he peered more closely at him. "Jack," she cried, switching on the light, "What is the matter. Speak to me."

His clear features grew into distortion even as she called, and a thousand little

muscles twitched them out of all likeness to himself. One corner of his mouth moved convulsively and then dropped into a horrible insanity. A quick terror robbed her of breath and speech. She could but hold his helpless hands to a throbbing heart. As she stared, his arms swung unheeded, the frightful grotesqueness of his face fixed itself into a revolting, terrifying leer, and the stricken head dropped forward. He moved once or twice as though trying to get up, then sank back limp and powerless.

"Jack," she called, pulling at his shoulders in panic, "Jack, what is it?" But there came no answer.

It was not till a year later, when Mary was emerging from the solitude of her mourning, that Peter dined again at the Arnott house. The abandonment of her grief had begun to soften into a memorial tenderness through which her interpretation of her husband moved with a glorified perfection, that seemed to shine the clearer with the passage of time. Her moods had had full sway, unchecked by duty or obligation, and now as the shadows lifted, she prepared for a life of sacrificial devotion to a good cause.

Peter, stepping warily down the path of an executor who was in desperate love with the beneficiary, had not prejudiced his own interest by any untoward eagerness. So kind had he been, so thoughtful and so impersonal that Mary easily believed that in the shock of his friend's death love had been buried.

The old understanding seemed to have revived, till, suddenly, sitting again with him by the same hearth, she felt in a flush that nothing in him had died or changed. Their eyes met under the potent psychology of the leaping flame and however her heart might protest there was that in his eyes and face which she knew must speak. Some telepathic communion told him that she knew and then he found words.

He did not bateach, he did not argue, but it all came with modest confidence. "I know I can't give you what dear old Jack gave," he said affectionately, "I haven't his brains, and I don't ask for what you gave Jack. I don't expect that, but we're both lonely, Mary. I won't come

between yourself and memories, but I want to take care of you."

No other road would have taken him so near to her. He saw it in the almost imperceptible softening of her eyes and when she spoke there was a delicate thread of feeling in her voice that made his heart yearn.

"Peter, dear friend, I don't know how to tell you in a way that will help you to understand. No woman owes more to a friend than I to you, and I can never, never repay it."

Peter raised a deprecating hand; she took it between her own. All the blood rushed to his heart, but he could feel no response in that smooth, cool touch.

"I have nothing left to give, even to you. I have lived with the one perfect man I knew—and now," her voice broke, "I don't want to live again. It would be only acting, Peter. Were his memory less perfect, then perhaps," she fought with emotion, her eyes full of tears.

"I love you," said Peter, doggedly, "from the moment I saw you I loved you. Mary, can you do without love all your life?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "without that kind."

"There is no other kind."

"Peter, listen, and be gentle with me. Jack once told me that there were things about him I didn't know, a side of himself that he couldn't reveal. I agreed with him, but now I see I was wrong. I knew all of him. It was beautiful and perfect, and knowing and remembering that, as I do, every hour of every day, don't you see I can't begin all over again?"

The plaint in her voice touched him profoundly, and he bent over her hand and for the first time in his life, kissed it.

"Forgive me if—"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear friend," she said quickly. "Good night. God bless you—always—"

He was at the door when she put a packet into his hands. "These are some papers I found in a corner of his desk. I think they must belong to some case. I have not read them. Will you send them to the office if there should go there?"

He turned at the street to lift his hat again. Mary was standing on the threshold, the light filtering through her brown hair, and the dark woodwork framing her

dainty figure. She looked the spirit of a wond to take care of you."

His mind was charged with revolt. He felt instinctively that an idealized memory was an unconquerable rival, it would never weaken, never betray itself and he would go on fighting a vain battle with the air; the thought gave him a strange sense of futility.

Later, in his rooms, an old brown pipe restored a temporary peace, and he examined the packet, a sheet of paper enclosing perhaps a dozen letters, and fastened with a rubber band. He turned them over singly. They were all postmarked from a neighboring city and addressed to Arnott in a handwriting in which masculine sturdiness marched with a certain feminine irregularity.

He opened one at random, dated about three months before his friend's death, and ran over the first lines carelessly. Suddenly he stopped, straightened in his chair, laid down his pipe and turned to the last page. Then he examined another letter and another. They were all from the same woman, and all written within a year of Arnott's death.

He turned back and read—ravenously, as a dog eats meat. "By God," he said, under his breath. "By God." He snatched another letter and raced through it. Individual words and sentences stood out and held him for a moment, then fury took him and he dashed ahead, ripping them open, devouring them, hurling them on the floor, his forehead red and swollen, his hands trembling. He jumped up and stumbled about the room, seeing nothing but the litter of crumpled sheets, then turned to the mantel, and was face to face with Arnott's photograph. In a flash it was torn to shreds and snarled into a blare flame on the hearth. Then Wentworth's fury passed and he flung his arms out on the table and thrust his face into them.

A long time passed and the bent shoulders ceased to shake. When he looked up a new light had replaced the insensate anger in his eyes. The letters, carefully gathered, were remade into the packet and lay noiseless in his hand. Deep in the man's strong nature something was stirring; he felt the power of it and waited. Then he began to talk in a queer voice, as if to himself, but in reality to the greater self that was born in him that hour.

"I know now what Jack meant that night when he told me about his client, but he didn't have a client, and he hadn't time to straighten things out. I know why he didn't tell me all. I wouldn't let him. I came down too hard on the old chap. He was going to, he certainly was going to chuck it, but he got knocked out at the wrong time. It's all right, old chap, it's all right."

He got down and fumbled on the cold hearth for the charred pieces of the photograph, but they dissolved into dust. Then he took another picture, Mary's, from the mantel, and looked into the clear eyes.

"You are mine," he breathed, "by all

the laws of God and man you are mine." The smiling lips touched his own. "But I cannot murder your spirit. I love you too much for that. So I give you back your memories, my Mary."

He raked the embers together and coaxed them into life, and when the bright blaze came laid the packet in the middle of it. Then the flame leaped higher, the passport to his desire curled and blackened, and the accusing words pin-pointed themselves and tumbled into black destruction. When the very last fragment had disappeared he kissed the photograph again. "God keep you, my Mary," he whispered.



THE COMMON SOLDIERS

The angry War God lashes the lead-horses
As along the ways is whirled the Chariot of the
Nations,
By Lust of Land on-burdened.
And we, cheap held as dust beneath their wheel,
Rise at their bidding—rise and reel
Along the outposts of the world.

Not lightly, to the crimson cry of martial music,
As heedless boys die we,
But like dazed, fright-stamped cattle
Caught in Life's shambles lie we.
Like birds on broken wing
That flee the fowler's hand fly we,
Caught blind within the meshed net of angry nations.
Like beasts that do the bidding of their binders,
Rise we in strength to shed our brothers' blood.

When shall our Masters file our forged fetters!
When Man for love of Man forewears his Lust of
Land.

—By Elisabeth Maury Coombs.

Forcible Entry

A Legend of an Old Toronto House

By

B. Maude

NEARLY fifty years ago a young man left Toronto who had been born in the little town twenty-five years before, the son of a prominent British official of the time. The other day he returned and from the tangled memories of three-quarters of a century unravelled many a curious yarn. Old associations brought to his mind old stories forgotten by all save a few old people like himself.

There remained little enough of the town he had known. Here and there he recognized some old house standing forlorn and shabby, desperately trying to preserve its residential dignity in the rearingshadow of factories and office buildings.

And of all the vanished houses, the visitor mourned one in particular. Where once this stately house had stood remote and sheltered, were now squeezed together a medley of factories, stores, churches and grimy dwellings.

It was the tale of the burglarious exploit of a high officer of the law. Of how the first act of an eminent Canadian lawyer on being raised to the Bench had been to break and enter a tenement or domicile. Of how, having thus taken forcible possession thereof, he held it for upwards of thirty years, while, at his demise his family continued the detainer for a further quarter of a century and eventually disposed of the property to their own advantage.

* * *

In 1820, the Hon. John Henry Dunn decided to build himself a house. It was

time, he thought, that he had a dwelling worthy of his position as Receiver General of Upper Canada and in which his charming wife could entertain fittingly the scanty but select society of Little York. In 1811—exactly one hundred years ago he had acquired a pleasant plot of land some distance from the lake-front. This was his site. To the west lay fields and woodland with the flag of the fort fluttering in the middle distance. Ten minutes walk eastwards along Lot street brought one to the centre of the town. The ground was still shaded by many magnificent survivors of the original forest and Mr. Dunn had every reason to congratulate himself on having an excellent situation for his residence. Plans were soon drawn out and in a very short time the masons were at work and John Ross was busy with hammer and saw.

Meanwhile a young lawyer was building up an excellent practice down in Cornwall. This was Archibald Maclean. In 1837 he was raised to the Bench; one can imagine his family remembering the date of the succession of the young Queen by the momentous event in the life of their father. Most important to them, perhaps, was the fact that the honor bestowed upon him meant their removal from quiet Cornwall to the gay metropolis.

Gay it was in spite of its size. There were the officers at the fort—dashing fellows, the life and soul of an evening party and irresistible in their brilliant uniforms. There were half a hundred

hospitable hostesses whose houses were always open. Dinners, dances, picnics, evening parties—all on jollies, and friendliest scale imaginable.

But when the new judge came to Little York this erstwhile centre of fashion and gaiety was shuttered and deserted. Mrs. Dunn had died two years before, and her husband, utterly disconsolate, could no longer bear to live in the place where they had spent so many happy days. With his four young children he had fled from the place on the day of his wife's burial. To him the house was now a tragedy, and he wished to see no more of it.

So for two years the house had remained shuttered and closed, brooding in the dark shadows of its elms and chestnuts. Woods choked the gravel drive, the flowers in the beds ran to seed, the wild vine which Mr. Dunn had left growing close to the foundations, clambered higher and higher up the wall and flapped its broad leaves against the upper windows. The roses which had been the chief pride of Mrs. Dunn were left to the tender mercies of the winter frosts.

Mr. Justice Maclean came up from Cornwall bag and baggage. He left behind him a comfortable and substantial house and now, as judge, it was necessary that he should find an even more comfortable and substantial house in which to settle down at York. But houses were scarce. York was a growing town, growing nearly as fast as Toronto is to-day, and there were no houses available. Mr. Maclean consulted all his friends but to no purpose. No one knew of a house available fit for the judge and his family to occupy. Things were getting desperate. Winter was coming on, and one of Her Majesty's judges was a homeless wanderer.

It was at this point that somebody remembered the old Dunn homestead. "Capital!" cried the judge. "Egad, sir! that's the very place!" and forthwith he started in search of Mr. Dunn.

Mr. Dunn was not to be found. No one seemed to know where he had gone. In vain the judge scoured York.

The friend made a bold suggestion. The judge shook his head, pursed his lips and scraped a legal chin between a reflective thumb and forefinger.

Yes—there was the house, empty. It certainly would be possible. . . . But,

really! most high-handed and illegal. Still Dunn was a sensible fellow. Matters could be arranged. As the judge shook hands with his friend his lips were set in resolution. His mind was made up. He would commit a felony.

That very afternoon the future Chief Justice of Upper Canada, in company with a blacksmith or some other accomplice or divers accomplices unknown, rustled through the autumn leaves to the locked and shuttered house. A vigorous twist of a crowbar, a crack of breaking metal, and the stout lock forebore resistance. The judge had broken and entered and taken forcible possession of another man's house—hanging master. The judge guiltily moved in and awaited the return of Mr. Dunn with conscience quickened heart-beats.

Some considerable time elapsed before that return occurred. Tradition says that the judge enjoyed possession of the house for several years during which time all efforts to find some trace of its owner had been fruitless. One day, however, Mr. Dunn reappeared in Toronto and great was his surprise when his friend Mr. Justice Maclean hastened to him with a penitent confession of forcible entry and detainer.

At first Mr. Dunn was inclined to be angry. He had intended that the house where his wife had lived and died should remain empty—a melancholy memorial to his great grief. In the first outburst of his sorrow he had determined that the spot where he and his wife had lived so happily should never be desecrated to the use of strangers.

But Maclean was no stranger. He had been a welcome guest in the old house on his infrequent visits to Little York—and now fate had seemingly determined that he should become its tenant. Mr. Dunn's annoyance evaporated. The burglary was forgiven and the eminent burglar was allowed to remain.

Still there was one point on which Mr. Dunn was immovable—he would take no money for the place. He would neither sell the place nor rent it. While the judge lived there he must be his guest, a non-paying tenant. No amount of argument or persuasion would shake him; on these terms alone would he consent to an arrangement. And the judge looking shil-

lity to do otherwise, was obliged reluctantly to consent.

While the judge's family was growing to manhood and womanhood in the house they had come to look upon and love as their home and the judge himself was gathering fresh laurels in the legal world a boy was being educated at Upper Canada College who was destined to give the homestead some little claim to a place in Canadian history. This was Alexander, the younger son of Mr. Dunn who was born in the house two years before his mother's death and who, twenty years after the judge took such unconventional possession of his birthplace, was a dashing young lieutenant of the 11th Hussars with the British Army in the Crimea.

To him upon his return to Canada Mr. Justice Maclean renewed the offers of rent and purchase he had so often made to his father, but always his offers were laughingly refused. Nonsense! to all intents and purposes the place was his already. The Colonel could not think of taking rent and his father never wished it to be sold. Debt? Not at all. He himself was indebted to the father of such charming daughter.

And through the years the amicable argument between the soldier and the lawyer pursued its smiling course, the judge insistent and the Colonel firm. It was still in progress when the judge reached the culmination of his honorable career. In 1863 he was appointed Chief Justice of Upper Canada and a year later was made President of the Court of Appeal.

In 1865 the Chief Justice died and his widow and seven children were left in the old house they had inhabited for twenty-eight years. They knew of course, of their father's friendly wrangles with Col. Dunn and with his father before him, but by this time the legends of forcible seizure and wrongful possession were looked upon more as an amusing fiction than anything else. The house in which several of them had been born and in which all of them had grown up they regarded as quite naturally and inalienably their own

"FORCIBLE ENTRY."

property. Colonel Dunn was far away in India. The rest of his family, his heirs at his death, were but dimly remembered. None gave the ownership of the property a second thought; it was known universally as "the Maclean Homestead"—"Hospitality Hall."

This was the position of affairs when the Torontonian from whom the story came recently, left the city, and thus they remained for nearly ten years. About 1873 there came to him a rumor that the Macleans had had some trouble over the place, which, however, had had a successful termination. Two men, the rumor ran, named Trout and Lindsey, professed to have bought the place from Col. Dunn's heirs in spite of the long existing understanding that if the place was sold at any time the Macleans should have first option on it.

Mr. A. G. Maclean, the then head of the family, was disappointed and indignant and boldly countered this sale of his old home to strangers by laying claim to the lands by right of possession. His suit was successful and thus at last by "squatters' right" the Maclean family required a legal title to the house. Great were the rejoicings of the friends of the family at this rout of the interlopers.

Thus ended the tale. The old Torontonian's memory and knowledge served him no further. Of the history of the house during its last twenty years of existence enquiry taught him a little more. By degrees the fringes of the property had gone. A Methodist Church was built on the potato patch; rows of houses were erected fronting on the surrounding streets, shutting in the old house and the remnant of its garden: in 1890 the last of the Macleans had died or gone away and the old house had come to its end.

Thirty thousand dollars or thereabouts he was told the property had fetched at its final disposal to one of our new Cabinet Ministers. Thirty thousand dollars—Not an unprofitable burglary!

The Kissing Ode of Catullus

DY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love:
And though the anger sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not way them: Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive;
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lend their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless clar'na come from the camp of love:
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night."

We are indebted to Sir Gleichen's *Fabstiende* for the two translations of the celebrated Kissing Ode of Catullus which we reproduce herewith, together with the note by Sir Gleichen which accompanied them. As he points out, eight translations of this classic were collected and presented to the readers of this magazine in September, 1899. The two versions which we are now able to present constitute a remarkable anthology.

Sir Gleichen writes:

"The 'Long Man's Magazine' (now MacLean's Magazine) of September, 1899, under the heading 'Lyrics and its Lyrics,' contained excellent translations of the celebrated Kissing Ode of Catullus, by Sir Henry Newbolt, Mr. Edward Martie, Mr. Oakville Smith, Sir Gleichen's Fabstiende, Mr. Justice Weston, Principal Professor of McGill, Principal Master of Toronto, and Mr. Arthur Angier, K.C. I find that the Ode also received attention from the pen of Thomas Campion, physician, poet and musician, who died in 1619. Only the first stanza of his love song is translated from Catullus; the other two are original. It is given above. In the 'Book of old English love songs,' published by the Macmillan Company, of New York, this Ode is credited to Robert Campions, but I think this is a mistake."

The Kissing Ode of Catullus

LY SSBIA, let us (while we may)
Live, and love the time away,
And never mind what old Folk say.
Suns can set, and ride as bright:
No rose attends our little Light.
We set in everlasting Night.

Count me a thousand kisses o'er,
Count me a thousand kisses more
Count me a thousand still, and then
We'll count them o'er and o'er again.
Why should I count? Why should I know
How many kisses you bestow?
Tis better let the Reckoning fall,
We'll kiss and never count at all,
And thus we may avoid much Hate;
Since next can envy at our State;
When none shall know our total Bliss,
How often and how much we kiss."

"The beautiful version on this second page is from the pen of Richard West. I copy it verbatim at Histerian from a letter from West to the poet Gray, dated 11th of May, 1765. It is a very interesting book, 'Gray and his Friends,' edited by Dennis C. Tracy, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. West was the son of Richard West who was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland when he was only thirty-five, and then immediately died. His mother was the daughter of Bishop Hurst. Gray's friend, West, died at the age of 26. The four close friends were Gray, Walpole, West and Astrea, known to their school-fellows as 'the quadruple alliance.'"

Some Cities I Know

By

Augusta Bridle

With pencil sketches of Toronto by Mr. Lawren S. Harris,
and of Montreal by Mr. H. Kerr Eby.

Editor's Note.—There are no statistics in this article. Neither are there any descriptions of so-called "beauty spots" such as cities usually like to boast about. Mr. Bridle has ignored all such things, ignored the public buildings and the side-shows of the cities of which he writes, and deals only with their characters, as he sees them.

CITIES grow by competition. The four chief cities of Canada have begun to develop the same rivalry that long ago cropped up between New York and Chicago. At present the tug-of-war seems to be in pairs; between Montreal and Toronto; Winnipeg and Vancouver; St. John and Halifax; Fort Williams and Port Arthur; Calgary and Edmonton. Nobody imagines, for instance, that Vancouver or Winnipeg will ever outdistance Montreal—whatever becomes of inland Toronto.

Of course, the rivalry, at present, is purely a matter of population and of business; nobody cares a continental whether Montreal or Toronto has more or less city-character than the other—and this fact, by the way, will have to be changed before ever we get to have cities worth talking about. Of course, the purely commercial city is inevitable. It is also intolerable. Kipling called Toronto "consummately commercial." Toronto hadn't the nerve to call Kipling a phrase-maker. In fact, To-

ronto felt rather flattered to think she had been accused by the poet-prophet of the Empire of having gumption enough to get up and dust into the really commercial class alongside of Montreal. Toronto is very proud that she is the headquarters of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. I think there was a time when Chicago was proud of being the home of Wizard Oil. And it rather primped a Chicagoan to be able to tell a New Yorker that the average of murders and suicides in that big village on Lake Michigan was higher than in Gotham.

Chicago used to boast, too, that nobody ever wrote "If Christ came to New York." Only Gorky wrote a damnation of New York which was peculiarly fine, and gave that aspiring city something to brag about almost as distinctive as the Harry Thaw episode. Whereas Chicago came along with "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair; years ago New York trotted out the Metropolitan open house. Chicago had to go along with plays shipped over from



An odd street corner with the spire of St. James in the background.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.



The new Eaton factory which dominates Toronto's oldest poor district.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.

New York. Hammerstein put up the Manhattan. Still Chicago had no grand opera, and produced mainly vaudeville, of which she is the hub. But one fine morning a year ago Chicago said to herself:

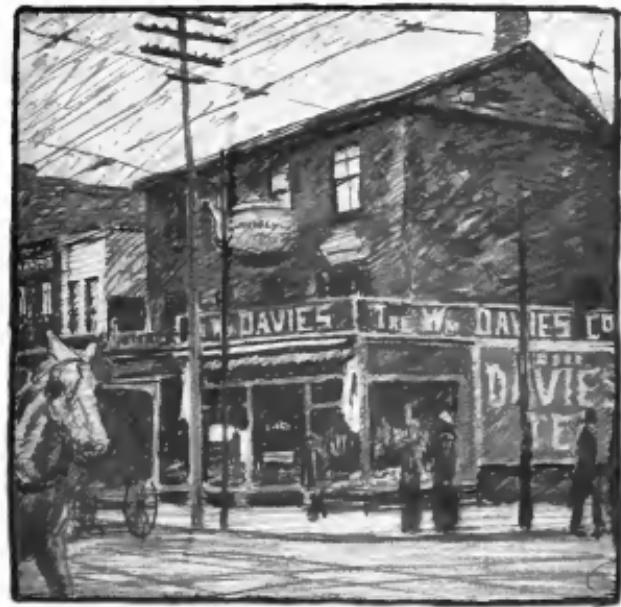
"By Heck! I'll have grand opera produced on Lake Michigan."

Up went a temple of Wagner and such.

So was it with the Metropolitan Museum and the Chicago Art Gallery. Again, with Central Park and Jackson Park; with Fifth Avenue and the Michigan Boulevard; with the New York Symphony Orchestra and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which also got into the Boston Sym-

phony class by putting up a hall of its own at a cost of a couple of millions, as a sort of rival again to Carnegie Hall.

At the present time Chicago is breaking her neck to outdo New York in as many big things as possible; remembering that in achievement, according to age, she has New York beaten forever; that there never was room for a World's Fair in New York, and that there never can be any stock yards or wheat pit in New York. The race between them now has got past the merely commercial stage; for Chicago wants it well understood that not only the real commercial gem is on Lake Michigan, but that the real American is



The old store on the corner of Bloor and Yonge streets which has given place to a fine new building.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.

only to be found in Chicago, and therefore the true-American gem of art.

These somewhat foreign examples are alleged merely by way of illustration of what is beginning to be in Canada. There is no use in blinking the fact that Montreal and Toronto are a great deal more likely to imitate and to reproduce what New York and Chicago have done than they are ever likely to simulate London and Liverpool. Most of us in Canadian cities know ten times as much about either Chicago or New York as we know about

London. Which may be a good thing or merely natural.

Everybody knows that Montreal has the eternal start of Toronto on the purely commercial side. That's one of the accidents of location. Montreal is at the head of navigation for ocean liners. Toronto is merely dreaming of what some Government may some time do to nationalize Toronto Harbor and improve the St. Lawrence canal system so as to fetch ocean liners to the foot of Yonge Street. Montreal, with head offices and plants of the



In the region of Cherry street, where the huge bulk of a gas tank throws its shadow on everything.

From a sketch by Lawrence S. Harris.

two leading roads, including the greatest railroad system in the world and the only transcontinental system ever taken hold of by a Government, has Toronto side-tracked in the matter of railways. Toronto, however, is proud to say that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann were pleased to select Toronto for their headquarters as graciously as the late Queen Victoria picked out Bytown as the Canadian capital by putting her royal finger down on the map. Toronto has become the home of the only transcontinental railroad system in the world developed by Government-guaranteed bonds and mainly controlled by two men. Toronto is, as I said before, the home of the C.M.A., one of whose

branches is in Montreal. She is the cradle of the National Policy, although Montreal has managed to corral a few huge industries, the like of which Toronto will perhaps never get.

Of course, factories, railroads and ocean liners are only the skeleton of a city. The real points of interest between these two biggest cities of Canada are in the people themselves, the things the people do, the ideas the people have and the sort of life they live. A city is mainly—human interest, which in these days of money and magnates is in some danger of being overlooked.

Montreal is perhaps the only real city in Canada in *feeling*. It is the only city

in which a man is likely to get lost; so that wandering along the river front up from old Bonsecours and the Nelson monument one comes on glam old Notre Dame and the Bank of Montreal with much the same feeling, though in a lesser degree, that he suddenly drifts out of Champs-Élysées into the grey gloom of St. Paul's. The French-English capital of the Dominion is full of losing-your-way spots. The streets have an uncanny knack of swinging down long contours of semi-quaint walls, up the long hills and away—to the last blank of a tin-roofed spruce. St. Lawrence Main is one of the oddest cosmopolitan thoroughfares in America. The Jews are plastering up their thirty signs in the vicinage of the old Jacques Cartier market. The reckless John driving the "pill-box," or the delivery sleigh careens through narrow defiles of streets, plumb through Jewry, up the hill to Notre Dame and St. James, the medieval Bonsecours market and the Champ de Mars behind the City Hall; up from the sardined cottages and tenements of the native-speaking, where babies are thicker than in Jewry, until he slams his careless steed into the jam of traffic that swings up from the west end of the street. Close along-

side, and from that to the docks and the big river, are the sullen gullies of grey warehouses; then mile upon mile of semi-medieval Montreal, rocking of history, of camps, of mosey Indians and gallant French voyageurs. Crackling and clanking with the big open life of a seaport, Montreal stretches its cumulative arms down the river and down, past the big painted liners and the black freight boats, past the indolent horse-deck ferries blundering up from below, past the sleepy tide-becalmed batteaux with all canvas down, until by the time you are beyond them you are miles from the swirl of the retail area, far east on the end of old Catherine Street that cuts a macadam line to the place where the theatres are only less thick than the churches and the cheap cafés.

From Catherine Street, with its clatter of crowds to St. James, with its sulky roar of traffic and its atmosphere of money-kings, is the best part of an hour's drawsy ramble through the old-world anomaly of Montreal—the somewhat historic residence precinct threaded by old Sherbrooke St., Half-lazy and thoroughly respectable and reminiscent, this down-town house area makes Montreal two cities; on the one side stores, theatres, hotels and churches—on



Where the main lines pick their way through the jumble of traffic.

From a sketch by Lawrence S. Harris.



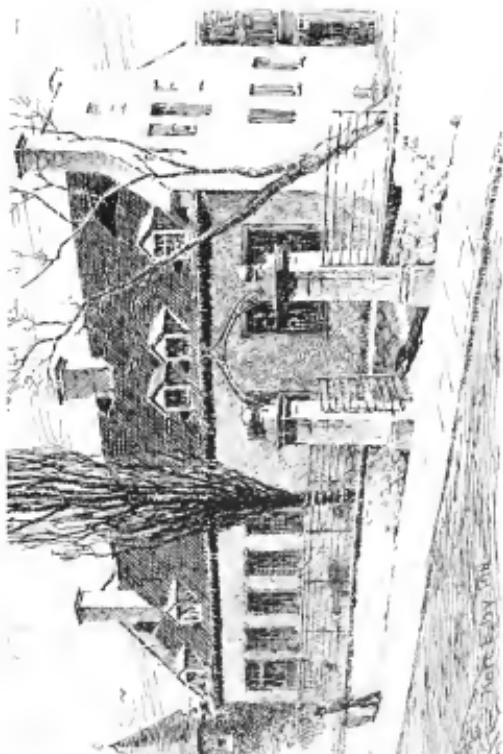
A new sky-scraper in the making.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.

the other, banks, financial houses, warehouses and wharves—and more churches; always and everywhere the Church.

You decide to go through half a dozen of these cool haunts of religion. But the eternal quiet of the cathedral is almost as tiring as the clatter of the streets. Notre Dame has a heavy look. Its galleries are

overwhelming. It is vast without being impressive like St. Paul's or humbly eloquent of dead men like Westminster Abbey. St. James, the pretentious, is almost weirdly chaste. It is impossible. By the way, it is—too easy to be religious in Montreal; it is almost too easy to be historic. The marvel is that a place which has so



THE CHATEAU RAMEZAY IN MONTREAL.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.



PLACE D'ARMES.

The public squares, the monuments and the public places of Montreal are among the charms of the old city. In the foreground of the above subject is the usual cub-servant.

many temples and cornerstone entablatures can be so confoundingly busy.

Over at the Windsor there is no overplus of religion. You are in a modern world; as much of the Twentieth Century as wireless. In half an hour one may see ten millionaires in the Windsor. The Montreal millionaire is the chief of his class in Canada. He runs Montreal, except for the Church and the actual business of city government. The Mount Royal Club is a pantheon of live magnates, some of whom are up in their eighties, some just getting into voting age.

There's a swing and a snap about the way some fortunes are made in Montreal. And the Montreal magnates know how to spend; on houses and yachts and Euro-

pean pictures and grand operas. The private picture collections in Montreal are equal, if not the superior, of any in America. The late Sir George Drummond had a collection valued at more than a hundred thousand. In native grand opera Montreal has set the pace of production. In importation also—a few weeks ago bringing three hundred people from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for a three-night stand at a very ordinary theatre.

The regular run of Torontooians really admire Montreal. Of course, there is this fundamental rivalry always. One is excessively Protestant; the other opposite; one a lake port; the other a seaport. In theatres Toronto has the lead; in opera



THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN DE BAPTISTE.

the rear. Music is better in Toronto. Montreal has comparatively little choral singing to write about and nothing to compare to the best chorus in Toronto. There is no Massey Hall in Montreal. Each city has a symphony orchestra. Montreal's is the older, but rather inferior. Toronto is to have a museum and an art gallery to over-do Montreal, which has the lead in the amount of money spent on pictures. The painters of Toronto are more numerous than those of Montreal. Comparisons are foolish; also unbelievable, but Montreal has a more definite color sense in pictures. In books and publications of almost every sort, exclusive of perhaps one daily newspaper in Montreal, Toronto has the advantage.

The two leading cities of Canada were born different. Nature and history con-

spired to cast each in a different mould—which is a good thing for Canada. More than one Montreal would be a disease; more than one Toronto is almost too probable. Toronto is a good deal like the average small Ontario city multiplied by a large improper fraction. The other—is a City. Some day we may have a real city on Lake Ontario. There are symptoms. We have as much politics as can be found on the St. Lawrence; more Tories and empire-loyalty; but there are few Nationalists in Toronto. Our streets are no cleaner. Both are at times almost intolerable. Civic spirit is needed in one almost as much as in the other. Montreal councillors have been corrupt. Toronto councils are mainly inept. Which is worse?

Streets in Toronto are somewhat less narrow—and far less interesting. It is

only by a stretch of the imagination that man down-town in Toronto feels that he is in the grip of a red-city. Yet there may be stronger signs of a real contribution to Canadian nationality in Toronto than in Montreal. In Montreal the French tongue is a drawback. In Toronto, British-Canadian dullness is another. One will never improve. The other may. Toronto lacks imagination. Montreal has plenty. The average Toronto citizen rejoices in a utility. Montreal delights in a spectacle. She grows by tacking subtlety and banlieus on to her skirts, determining some day to cover the island—including the mountain. She rips out her time-worn architecture in true Chicago style and goes in for the most modern of modern buildings right alongside the mediaeval piles of the Church.

Toronto goes ahead more cannily; yet she is beginning to be impatient of her old-style down-town area which a big fire did much to revolutionize. King street and Yonge street this year will show more change of landscape than any similar area in Montreal. Neck and neck the two big corporations race in the number of building permits. Five years ago Toronto went ahead of Montreal with the first Canadian sky-scraper. The banks became too modern for the old Scotch stone piles along Front and Wellington. They are crowding to King Street where between the west side of Bay and the west side of Church street there are now up and in prospect thirteen banks of which all but two are head offices. Even the historic-looking edifice of the Bank of Montreal branch is to be abandoned for an uptown site. Yonge street has become the Mecca for retail trade. Rents are sky-scraping high. Office buildings go up almost in a night. Cross-town traffic is developing. Lower Yonge street almost resembles a miniature Broadway. But the growth of down-town Toronto is all in straight lines, and a man has no more chance of being lost among the canyons of the walls than in going from Toronto to Liverpool by an ocean liner. Most of the city resembles an Ontario township. There are the concessions and the side-roads. Much of the life of the city is the thrift and the industry of the concession road transplanted to the city street. Toronto is full of folk that came up from the country villages and the

farms. In spots it resembles bits of London. In general, it wears the aspect of Buffalo or Detroit; though much less pure Canadian in population than either of those border cities is American.

The Anglo-Saxon idea has its roots in Toronto; it was planted long ago by the British colony that founded the town. Imperialism, however, obviously that may be defined, flourishes in Toronto side by side with commercialism and some ideas about Art. Anglo-Saxonism has a nominal tenor in Montreal and Imperialism is kept alive mainly by ocean liners. In all probability one city would be as slow as the other to embrace Continentalism even though for nearly forty years Goldwin Smith was intellectually the first citizen of Toronto.

The lakeside town has succeeded in becoming rather a metropolis in spite of its geography and its peculiarly uninteresting career. It was almost enough to give the town a bad future to have called it, in turn, such stupid names as the "Queen City," "Toronto, the Good" and "Hogtown"—which latter originated in the old absurd jealousy between "The Ambitious City" and her neighbor, about on a par with the recent see-sawing between Fort William and Port Arthur and between Calgary and Edmonton. Toronto in its academic stage—not yet past—has been beset with Toryism and Continentalism, Grangeism and Orange-men, Patrons of Industry and P.P.A., anti-reciprocity and the Boer War; in all of which and more she has been the voice of an oddly conservative, industrious and loyal province. Protestantism had its day in Queen's Park. British to the core in sentiment; mainly American in methods of business; somewhat provincial in its Canadianism; but forever keeping up the ranks of the employed and the hum of factories and the mills of education, this quietly complex centre of influence has achieved almost the impossible in becoming a metropolis at all.

In the main, if a stranger should need some opinions as to the future of Canada or of the Empire, or the influence of the United States upon this country, he would more likely find them in Toronto than in Montreal or Winnipeg and Vancouver. Toronto spent a long while, up to fifteen



The church of St. Jean de Baptiste.

years ago just thinking. Now the place has waked and has begun to be a real competitor in the race of Canadian cities.

Consider on the other hand—Winnipeg; twenty-five years ago a headland post; now third city in Canada, with intention to keep ahead of Vancouver which is so far west of it as is Montreal eastward. "To be candid," says the Winnipeg man, "What has this crude young lodestone of the dollar and the box-car to do with either Montreal or Vancouver?"

Very much.

The once metropolis of Red River carts delights to consider herself as one recently has said, "a hundred dollars from anywhere." The granites of Algoma have done a great deal for the City of Wheat. A thousand miles of rock separate Winnipeg from either of the older eastern cities of Canada. Eight hundred miles of prairie and five hundred miles of mountain railroad divide it from the big city of the Pacific. She is a world and a law unto herself; dominated rather by Minneapolis than by Toronto, by Chicago than by Montreal, still she is almost a world and a law unto herself.

You are five minutes out of the greatest jumble of polyglotism in the world—the C.P.R. station—when you realize that the 'Peg has neither a British core like Toronto, nor a French core like Montreal. Two centuries of fur feudalism and of red men and half-breeds; three decades of railroad, and of wheat and of real estate; then you have modern Winnipeg which, if one should wake up there suddenly he might think an American city.

Winnipeg is no longer West: it is Middle Canada.

Winnipeggers resent having their city called American. No one doubts that there are as many Imperialists and Canada-Firsters to the acre of English-speakers at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine as there are in either of the first eastern cities. The Americanism of Winnipeg is not conditioned upon reciprocity, or wheat or railroads; neither upon sentiment. It is based hard and fast upon material progress which is essentially American. The first symptom of Land-of-the-Dollarism is Hustle. Main Street and Portage Avenue move headlong faster than either of the sluggish rivers that run through Winnipeg. From the

C.P.R. station almost to the Hudson's Bay Company store, Main Street, is a mob. And Portage Avenue has been four years rivaling Main Street.

There used to be a fiction that Toronto and Montreal took their styles and manners and customs from London and New York; Winnipeg from her two elder sisters in mid-Canada; Vancouver from Winnipeg. But that transcontinental system of civilization is passing away. The chief cities are becoming self-centred. Each has its own peculiar way, and means to keep it. Each watches the other.

Winnipeg reckons she is "rather more individualistic" than any of the rest. She has the greatest number of box-cars according to population. She is the "gate-way" island for the peoples of the world; and the "door-way" out-land for a good fraction of the world's wheat. In Winnipeg are the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company and the seat of a government that used to "shock" Ottawa, when it was Liberal Ottawa, as a perpetual pastime. Its civic rulers make more splash in the newspapers than either Montreal or Toronto. It has an industrial bureau that sits up nights to further schemes for making Winnipeg not only the Chicago of Canada but a centre of manufacturers too. Business is an eternal crescendo in Winnipeg from the crossing of Main Street and Portage across the lazy Red River to the bells of St. Boniface, up to the power-houses of Lee du Bonnet, out to Happyland, the Coney Island of the Peg, and radiating over the railways that used to be the old cart-rails to Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Prince Albert. Such is Winnipeg. She has no traditions to hold her back. Her tone is all in the making. She may, some day, raise up poets and statesmen, or she may teach this country the apothecaries of the dollar. But this city which thirty years ago was a fur-post on the prairie will need all she can get from the older cities of the East if she is to become the real Canadian metropolis of the West. In the day when Winnipeg becomes the east-and-west population centre of Canada—and by the next census that will be not so far distant—she will need all the gentler humanities that may be got from any city in the world. Chicago will not do for a model. Culture imported by millionaires will not make a city a real centre of power in national life.

The Child Who Had Everything But—

A Christmas Ghost Story

By

John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Motlie and the Unwise Man Abroad," "The Idiot," etc.

"I KNEW it was coming long before it got there. Every symptom was in sight. I had grown fidgety, and sat fearful of something overpoweringly impending. Strange noises filled the house. Things generally, according to their nature, severely creaked, coughed, and moaned. There was a ghost on the way. That was perfectly clear to an expert in uncanny visitations of my wide experience, and I heartily wished it were not. There was a time when I welcomed such visitors with open arms, because there was a decided demand for them in the literary market, and I had been able to turn a great variety of spooks into anywhere from three to five thousand words apiece at five cents a word, but now the age had grown too sceptical to swallow ghostly reminiscence with any degree of satisfaction. People had grown tired of hearing about Visions, and desired that their tales should rock with the scent of gasoline, quiver with the superfiendish fever of tangential loves, and crash with moral thunderbolts aimed against malefactors of great achievement and high social and commercial standing. Wherefore it seemed an egregious waste of time for me to dally with a speck, or with anything

else, for that matter, that had no strictly utilitarian value to one so professionally pressed as I was, and especially at a moment like that—it was Christmas morning, and the hour was twenty-eight minutes after two—when I was so busy preparing my Ode to June, and trying to work out the details of a midsummer romance in time for the market for such productions early in the coming January.

And right in the midst of all this pressure there rose up these beastly symptoms of an impending visitation. At first I strove to fight them off, but as the minutes passed they became so obsessively intrusive that I could not concentrate upon the work in hand, and I resolved to have it over with.

"Oh, well," said I, striking a few impatient chords upon my typewriting machine, "if you insist upon coming, come, and let's have done with it."

I roared this out, addressing the dim depths of the adjoining apartment, whence had risen the first dank apprehension of the uncanny something that had come to pester me.

"This is my busy night," I went on, when nothing happened in response to my summons, "and I give you fair warning

that, however psychic I may be now, I've got too much to do to stay so much longer. If you're going to haunt, haunt!"

It was in response to this appeal that the thing first manifested itself to the eye. It took the shape first of a very slight veil of green fog, which shortly began to swirl slowly from the darkness of the other room through the intervening portières into my den. Once within, it increased the vigor of its swirl, until almost before I knew it there was spinning immediately before my desk something in the nature of a misty maelstrom, buzzing around like a pin-wheel in action.

"Very pretty—very pretty, indeed," said I, a trifle sarcastically, refusing to be impressed, "but I don't care for pyrotechnics. I suppose," I added flippantly, "that you are what might be called a mine-pyrotechnic, eh?"

Whether it was the quality of my jest, or some other inward pang due to its giddy behavior, that caused it I know not, but as I spoke a deep groan issued from the centre of the whirling mist, and then out of its indeterminateness there was resolved the hazy figure of an angel—only, she was an intensely modern angel. She wore a hobble-skirt instead of the usual flowing robes of ladies of the spiritual order, and her halo, instead of hovering over her head as used to be the correct manner of wearing these hard-won adornments, had perchance become a mere golden fillet binding together the great mass of finger-curls and other distinctly yellow capillary attractions that stretched out from the back of her cerebellum for two or three feet, like a monumental psycho-knot. I could hardly restrain a shudder as I realized the theatrical quality of the lady's appearance, and I honestly dreaded the possible consequences of her visit. We live in a tolerably censorious age, and I did not care to be seen in the company of such a peroxidized vision as she appeared to be.

"I am afraid, madam," said I, shrinking back against the wall as she approached—"I am very much afraid that you have got into the wrong house. Mr. Slatherberry, the theatrical manager, lives next door."

She paid no attention to this observation, but, holding out a compelling hand, bade me come along with her, her voice

having about it all the musical charm of an oboe suffering from bronchitis.

"Not in a year of Sundays I won't!" I retorted. "I am a respectable man, a steady church-goer, a trustee for several philanthropic institutions, and a Sunday-School teacher. I don't wish to be impolite, but really, madam, rich as I am in reputation, I am too poor to be seen in public with you."

"I am a spirit," she began.

"I'll take your word for it," I interjected, and I could see that she told the truth, for she was entirely diaphanous, so much so indeed that one could perceive the piano in the other room with perfect clarity through her intervening shadiness. "It is, however, the unfortunate fact that I have sworn off spirits."

"None the less," she returned, her eye flashing and her hand held forth peremptorily, "you must come. It is your predestined doom."

My next remark I am not wholly clear about, but as I remember it, it sounded something like, "I'll be doomed if I do!" whereupon she threatened me.

"It is useless to resist," she said. "If you decline to come voluntarily, I shall hypnotize you and force you to follow me. We have need of you."

"But, my dear lady," I pleaded, "please have some regard for my position. I never did any of you spirits any harm. I've treated every visitor from the spiritual land with the most distinguished consideration, and I feel that you owe it to me to be regardful of my good name. Suppose you take a look at yourself in yonder looking-glass, and then say if you think fit to compel a decent, law-abiding man, of domestic inclinations like myself, to be seen in public with—well, with such a looking-head of hair as that of yours?"

My visitor laughed heartily.

"Oh, if that's all," she said, most amiably, "we can arrange matters in a jiffy. Your wife possesses a hooded mackintosh, does she not? I think I saw something of the kind hanging on the hat-rack as I floated in. I will wear that if it will make you feel any easier."

"It certainly would," said I; "but see here—can't you send up some other cavalier to escort you to the haven of your desires?"

She fixed a sternly steady eye upon me for a moment.

"Aren't you the man who wrote the lines,

The World's a green and gladsome ball,
And Love's the Ruler of it all,
And Life's the chance voucher'd to me
For Deeds and Gifts of sympathy?

Didn't you write that?" she demanded.

"I did, madam," said I, "and I meant every word of it, but what of it? Is that any reason why I should be seen on a public highway with a lady-ghost of your especial kind?"

"Enough of your objections," she retorted firmly. "You are the person for whom I have been sent. We have a case needing your immediate attention. The only question is, will you come pleasantly and of your own free will, or must I resort to extreme measures?"

These words were spoken with such determination that I realized that further resistance was useless, and I yielded.

"All right," said I. "On your way, I'll follow."

"Good!" she cried, her face wreathing with a pleasant little nile-green smile. "Get the mackintosh and we'll be off. There's no time to lose," she added, as the clock in the tower on the square boomed out the hour of three.

"What is this anyhow?" I demanded, as I helped her on with the mackintosh and saw that the hood covered every vestige of that awful coiffure. "Another case of Scrooge?"

"Sort of," she replied as, hooking her arm in mine, she led me forth into the night.

II.

We passed over to Fifth Avenue, and proceeded uptown at a pace which reminded me of the active gait of my youth. My footsteps had grown uneventfully light, and we covered the first ten blocks in about three minutes.

"We don't seem to be headed for the slums," I panted.

"Indeed, we are not," she retorted. "There's no need of carrying coals to Newcastle on this occasion. This isn't a slum case. It's far more acute than that!"

A tear came forth from her eye and trickled down over the mackintosh.

"It is a peculiarity of modern effort on behalf of suffering humanity," she went on, "that it is concentrated upon the relief of the misery of the so-called submerged, to the utter neglect of the often more poignant needs of the emerged. We have workers by the thousand in the slums, doing all that can be done, and successfully, too, to relieve the unhappy condition of the poor, but nobody ever seems to think of the sorrows of the starving hundreds on upper Fifth Avenue."

"See here, madam," said I, stopping suddenly short under a lamp-post in front of the Public Library, "I want to tell you right now that if you think you are going to take me into any of the homes of the hopelessly rich at this time of the morning, you are the most slightly mistaken creature that ever wore a psycho-knot. Why, great heavens, my dear lady, suppose the owner of the house were to wake up and demand to know what I was doing there at this time of night? What could I say?"

"You have gone on slumming parties, haven't you?" she demanded coldly.

"Often," said I. "But that's different."

"Why?" she asked, with a simplicity that baffled me. "Is it any worse for you to intrude upon the home of a Fifth Avenue millionaire than it is to go unasked into the small, squalid tenement of some poor sweat-shop worker on the East Side?"

"Oh, but it's different," I protested. "I go there to see if there is anything I can do to relieve the unhappy condition of the persons who live in the slums."

"No doubt," said she, "I'll take your word for it, but is that any reason why you should neglect the sufferers who live in these marble palaces?"

As she spoke, she hooked hold of my arm once more, and in a moment we were climbing the front door steps of a palatial residence. The house showed a dark and forbidding front at that hour in the morning, despite its marble splendors, and I was glad to note that the massive grille doors of wrought-iron were heavily barred.

"It's useless, you see. We're locked out," I ventured.

"Indeed?" she retorted, with a sarcastic smile, as she seized my hand in her icy grip and literally pulled me after her through the marble front of the dwelling.

"What have we to do with bolts and bars?"

"I don't know," said I rufusly, "but I have a notion that if I don't bolt I'll get the bars all right."

I could see them coming, and they were headed straight for me.

"All you have to do is to follow me," she went on, as we floated upward for two flights, paying but little attention to the treasures of art that lined the walls, and finally passed into a superbly lighted salon, more daintily beautiful than anything of the kind I had ever seen before.

"Jove!" I ejaculated, standing amazed in the presence of such luxury and beauty. "I did not realize that with all her treasures New York held anything quite so fine as this. What is it, a music-room?"

"It is the nursery," said my companion. "Look about you and see for yourself."

I did as I was bade, and such an army of toys as that inspection revealed! Truly it looked as if the toy-market in all sections of the world had been levied upon for tribute. Had all the famous toy emporiums of Nuremberg itself been transported there bodily, there could not have been playthings in greater variety than those greeted my eye. From the most insignificant of tin-soldiers to the most intricate of mechanical toys for the detection of the youthful mind, nothing that I could think of was missing.

The tin-soldiers as ever had a fascination for me, and in an instant I was down upon the floor, ranging them in their serried ranks, while the face of my companion wreathed with an indulgent smile.

"You'll do," said she, as I loaded a little spring cannon with a stub of a lead-pencil and booted over half a regiment with one well-directed shot.

"These are the finest tin-soldiers I ever saw!" I cried with enthusiasm.

"Only they're not tin," said she. "Solid silver, every man-jack of them—except the officers—they're made of platinum."

"And will you look at that little electric railroad?" I cried, my eye ranging to the other end of the salon. "Stations, switches, danger-signals, cars of all kinds, and even miniature Pullmanns, with real little berths that can be let up and down—what is the lucky kid who is getting all these beautiful things?"

"Sh!" she whispered, putting her finger to her lips. "He is coming—go on and play. Pretend you don't see him until he speaks to you."

As she spoke, a door at the far end of the apartment swung gently open, and a little boy tiptoed softly in. He was a golden-haired little chap, and I fell in love with his soft, dreamy eyes the moment my own rested upon them. I could not help glancing up furtively to see his joy over the discovery of all these wondrous possessions, but alas, to my surprise, there was only an unemotional stare in his eyes as they swept the aggregation of childish treasures. Then, on a sudden, he saw me, squatting on the floor, setting up again the army of silver warriors.

"How do you do?" he said gently, but with just a touch of weariness in his sad little voice.

"Good morning, and a Merry Christmas to you, sir," I replied.

"What are you doing?" he asked, drawing near, and watching me with a good deal of seeming curiosity.

"I am playing with your soldiers," said I. "I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, indeed," he replied, "but what do you mean by that? What is playing? I could hardly believe my ears."

"What is what?" said I.

"You said you were playing, sir," said he, "and I don't know exactly what you meant."

"Why?" said I, scratching my head hard in a mad quest for a definition, for I couldn't for the life of me think of the answer to his question offhand, any more than I could define one of the elements. "Playing is—why, it's playing, laddie. Don't you know what it is to play?"

"Oh, yes," said he. "It's what you do on the piano—I've been taught to play on the piano, sir."

"Oh, but this is different," said I. "This kind is fun—it's what most little boys do with their toys."

"You mean—breaking them?" said he.

"No, indeed," said I. "It's getting all the fun there is out of them."

"I think I should like to do that," said he, with a fixed gaze upon the soldiers. "Can a little fellow like me learn to play that way?"

"Well, rather, kiddie," said I, reaching out and taking him by the hand. "Sit

down here on the floor alongside of me, and I'll show you."

"Oh, no," said he, drawing back; "I—I can't sit on the floor. I'd catch cold."

"Now, who under the canopy told you that?" I demanded, somewhat impetuously. I fear,

"My governesses and both my nurses, sir," said he. "You see, there are drafts

"Well, there won't be any drafts this time," said I. "Just you sit down here, and we'll have a game of marbles—ever play marbles with your father?"

"No, sir," he replied. "He's always too busy, and neither of my nurses has ever known how."

"But your mother comes up here and plays games with you sometimes, doesn't she?" I asked.

"Mother is busy, too," said the child. "Besides, she wouldn't care for a game which you had to sit on the floor to—"

I sprang to my feet and lifted him bodily in my arms, and, after squatting him over by the fireplace where, if there were any drafts at all, they would be as harmless as a summer breeze, I took up a similar position on the other side of the room, and initiated him into the mystery of marbles as well as I could, considering that all his marbles were real agates.

"You don't happen to have a chin-ally anywhere, do you?" I asked.

"No, sir," he answered. "We only have chin-plates—"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "We can get along very nicely with these."

And then for half an hour, despite the rich quality of our paraphernalia, that little boy and I indulged in a glorious game of real plebeian marbles, and it was a joy to see how quickly his stiff little fingers relaxed and adapted themselves to the uses of his eye, which was as accurate as it was deeply blue. So expert did he become that in a short while he had completely cleaned me out, giving joyous little cries of delight with every hit, and then we turned our attention to the soldiers.

"I want some playing now," he said gleefully, as I informed him that he had beaten me out of all my boots at one of my best games. "Show me what you were doing with those soldiers when I came in."

"All right," said I, obeying with alacrity. "We'll have a parade."

I started a great talking-machine standing in one corner of the room off on a spirited military march, and inside of ten minutes, with his assistance, I had all the troops out and to all intents and purposes bravely swinging by to the martial music of Sousa.

"How's that?" said I, when we had got the whole corps into action.

"Fine!" he cried, pumping up and down on the floor, and clapping his hands with glee. "I've got lots more of these stored away in my toy-closet," he went on, "but I never knew that you could do such things as this with them."

"But what did you think they were for?" I asked.

"Why—just to—keep," he said hesitatingly.

"Wait a minute," said I, wheeling a couple of cannon off to a distance of a yard from the passing troops. "I'll show you something else you can do with them."

I loaded both cannon to the muzzle with dried peas, and showed him how to shoot.

"Now," said I, "fire."

He snapped the spring, and the dried peas flew out like death-dealing shells in war. In a moment the platinum commander of the forces and about thirty-seven solid silver warriors lay flat on their backs. It needed only a little red ink on the carpet to reproduce in miniature a scene of great carnage, but I shall never forget the expression of mingled joy and regret on his countenance as those creatures went down.

"Don't you like it, son?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, with an anxious glance at the prostrate warriors. "They aren't dead, are they?"

"Of course not," said I, restoring the presumably defunct troopers to life by setting them up again. "The only thing that'll dead a soldier like these is to step on him. Try the other gun."

Thus reassured, he did as I bade him, and again the proud parades went down, this time amid shouts of glee. And so we passed an all too fleeting two hours, that little boy and I. Through the whole list of his famous toys we went, and as well as I could I taught him the delicious

uses of each and all of them, until finally he seemed to grow weary, and so, drawing up a big arm-chair before the fire and taking his tired little body into my lap, with his tousled head cuddled up close over the spot where my heart is alleged to be, I started to read a story to him out of one of the many beautiful books that had been provided for him by his generous parents. But I had not gone far when I saw that his attention was wandering.

"Perhaps you'd rather have me tell you a story instead of reading it," said I.

"What's to tell a story?" he asked, fixing his blue eyes gravely upon mine.

"Great Scott, kiddie!" said I, "didn't anybody ever tell you a story?"

"No, sir," he replied sleepily, "I get read to every afternoon by my governess, but nobody ever told me a story."

"Well, just you listen to this," said I, giving him a hearty squeeze. And then I began.

"Once upon a time there was a little boy," said I, "and he lived in a beautiful house not far from the Park, and his daddy—"

"What's a daddy?" asked the child, looking up into my face.

"Why a daddy is a little boy's father," I explained. "You've got a daddy—"

"Oh, yes," he said, "If a daddy is a father, I've got one. I saw him yesterday," he added.

"Oh, did you?" said I. "And what did he say to you?"

"He said he was glad to see me and hoped I was a good boy," said the child. "He seemed very glad when I told him I hoped so, too, and he gave me all these things here—he and my mother."

"That was very nice of them," said I huskily.

"And they're both coming up some time to-day or to-morrow to see if I like them," said the lad.

"And what are you going to say?" I asked, with difficulty getting the words out over a most unaccountable lump that had arisen in my throat.

"I'm going to tell them," he began, as his eyes closed sleepily, "that I like them all very, very much."

"And which one of them all do you like the best?" said I.

He snuggled up closer in my arms, and, raising his little head a trifle higher, he kissed me on the tip end of my chin, and murmured softly as he dropped off to sleep, "The soldiers, sir."

III.

"Goon-stiger," said my spectral visitor as she left me, once more bending over my desk, whether I had been retransported without my knowledge, for I must have fallen asleep, too, with that little boy in my arms. "You have done a good night's work."

"Have I?" said I, rubbing my eyes to see if I were really awake. "But tell me—who was that little kiddie anyhow?"

"He?" she answered with a smile. "Why, he is the Child Who Has Everything But—"

And then she vanished from my sight.

"Everything but what?" I cried, starting up and peering into the darkness into which she had disappeared.

But there was no response, and I was left alone to guess the answer to my question.



A Cockney's Soliloquy

By Brian Bellasis

Across the lake there's yellow sparks that glow,
Dottin' the forest fire's lingersin' 'ee;

An' I'm 'un'appy lookin' at 'em so

Because it 'minds me of them London days.

Ten years ago, an' yet 'ow well I mind 'em—

—Pore little gutter nipp'r I was then—!

Grey 'azz! The River lights! Black warc 'ouses be'ind 'em!

An', like the moon, the fee of old Big Ben

.....Grey 'azz an' twinklin' sparks—a bit of London!

London!... 'Ow well I mind those dayzin London.

Ere I've been lucky from the bloomin' start,

Ful belly always. Money in the bank;

Yet nights like this there's something grips my 'art

An' sets me cursin' them as I should think

Sometimes I 'ates the bloomin' ploughs an' arrars.

The churcheday quiet all the seasons ralnd,

Gimme the naphtha flarin' on the barbers,

Gimme a Sat'd'y night in Stratton Graham

Ful belly 'ere—I used to starve in London!

London! My Gawd, I wish I was in London!

Gawd! What I'd learnt before I was in troublz

St Peter Street's a damned 'ard infant school.

Our ken was just be'ind them two dose 'ouses.

I'd like—Gawdscrewtch ain't I a bloomin' fool?

What lays be'ind? The edgin' lay, the pubs,

Skilly and oakum—'Oo is there can tell?—

The slope, the Black Maria an' the Scrubbs

Newgit an' Dartmoor, p'raps the Drop an'.... 'Ell

Eaven or 'ell. A 'eavenly 'ell is London.

London! Thank Gawd, you blokes as lives in London!

The Thing's The Play*

By

O. Henry

B EING acquainted with a newspaper reporter who had a couple of free passes, I got to see the performance a few nights ago at one of the popular vaudeville houses.

One of the numbers was a violin solo by a striking-looking man not much past forty, but with very gray thick hair. Not being afflicted with a taste for music, I let the system of noise drift past my ears while I regarded the man.

"There was a story about that chap a month or two ago," said the reporter. "They gave me the assignment. It was to run a column and was to be on the extremely light and joking order. The old man seems to like the funny touch I give to local happenings. Oh, yes, I'm working on a farce comedy now. Well, I went down to the house and got all the details; but I certainly fell down on that job. I went back and turned in a comic write-up of an east side funeral instead. Why? Oh, I couldn't seem to get hold of it with my funny books, somehow. Maybe you could make a one-act tragedy out of it for a curtain-raiser. I'll give you the details."

After the performance my friend, the reporter, recited to me the facts over the Wurzburger.

"I see no reason," said I, when he had concluded, "why that shouldn't make a rattling good funny story. Those three people couldn't have acted in a more absurd and preposterous manner if they had been real actors in a real theatre. I'm really afraid that all the stage is a world, anyhow, and all the players merely men and women. 'The thing's the play,' is the way I quote Mr. Shakespeare."

"Try it," said the reporter.

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"I will," said I; and I did, to show him how he could have made a humorous column of it for his paper.

There stands a house near Abingdon Square. On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationery are sold.

One night twenty years ago there was a wedding in the rooms above the store. The Widow Mayo owned the house and store. Her daughter Helen was married to Frank Barry. John Delaney was best man. Helen was eighteen, and her picture had been printed in a morning paper next to the headlines of a "Wholesale Female Murders" story from Butte, Mont. But after your eye and intelligence had rejected the connection, you raised your magnifying glass and read beneath the portrait her description as one of a series of Prominent Beauties and Belles of the lower west side.

Frank Barry and John Delaney were "prominent" young beaux of the same side, and bosom friends, whom you expected to turn upon each other every time the curtain went up. One who pays his money for orchestra seats and fiction expects this. That is the first funny idea that has turned up in the story yet. Both had made a great race for Helen's hand. When Frank won, John shook his hand and congratulated him—honestly, he did.

After the ceremony Helen ran upstairs to put on her hat. She was getting married in a traveling dress. She and Frank were going to Old Point Comfort for a week. Downstairs the usual hordes of gibbering cave-dwellers were waiting with their hands full of old Congress guitars and paper bags of hominy.

Then there was a rattle of the fire-escape, and into her room jumps the mad and infatuated John Delaney, with a damp curl drooping upon his forehead, and mad violent and reprehensible love to his lost one, entreating her to flee or fly with him to the Riviera, or the Bronx, or any old place where there are Italian skis and *dolce per niente*.

It would have carried Blaney off his feet to see Helen repulse him. With blazing and scornful eyes she fairly withered him by demanding whatever he meant by speaking to respectable people that way.

In a few moments she had him going. The manliness that had possessed him departed. He bowed low, and said something about "irresistible impulse" and "forever carry in his heart the memory of"—and she suggested that he catch the first fire-escape going down.

"I will away," said John Delaney, "to the furthestmost parts of the earth. I cannot remain near you and know that you are another's. I will to Africa, and there amid other scenes strive to for—"

"For goodness' sake, get out," said Helen. "Somebody might come in."

He knelt upon one knee, and she extended him one white hand, that he might give it a farewell kiss.

Girls, was this choice boon of the great little god Cupid ever vouchsafed you—to have the fellow you want hard and fast, and have the one you don't want come with a damp curl on his forehead and kneel to you and bubble of Africa and love which, in spite of everything, shall forever bloom, an amaranth, in his heart? To know your power, and to feel the sweet security of your own happy state; to send the unlucky one, broken-hearted, to foreign climes, while you congratulate yourself as he presses his last kiss upon your knuckles, that your nails are well manicured—say, girl's, it's gallupious—don't ever let it get by you.

And then, of course—how did you guess it?—the door opened and in stalked the bridegroom, jealous of slow-tying bonnet strings.

The farewell kiss was imprinted upon Helen's hand, and out of the window and down the fire-escape sprang John Delaney, Africa bound.

A little slow music, if you please—faint violin, just a breath in the clarinet and a

touch of the 'cello. Imagine the scene. Frank, white-hot, with the cry of a man wounded to death bursting from him. Helen, rushing and clinging to him, trying to explain. He catches her wrists and tears them from his shoulders—once, twice, thrice he sways her this way and that—the stage manager will show you how—and throws her from him to the floor a hedged, crushed, meaning thing. Never, he cries, will he look upon her face again, and rushes from the house through the staring groups of astonished guests.

And, now, because it is the Thing instead of the Play, the audience must stroll out into the real lobby of the world and marry, die, grow gray, rich, poor, happy or sad during the intermission of twenty years which must precede the rising of the curtain again.

Mrs. Barry inherited the shop and the house. At thirty-eight she could have boasted many an eighteen-year-old at a beauty show on points and general results. Only a few people remembered her wedding comedy, but she made of it no secret. She did not pack it in lavender or moth balls, nor did she sell it to a magazine.

One day a middle-aged, money-making lawyer, who bought his legal cap and ink of her, asked her across the counter to marry him.

"I'm really much obliged to you," said Helen, cheerfully, "but I married another man twenty years ago. He was more a goose than a man, but I think I love him yet. I have never seen him since about half an hour after the ceremony. Was it copying ink that you wanted or just writing fluid?"

The lawyer bowed over the counter with old-time grace and left a respectful kiss on the back of her hand. Helen sighed. Parting salutes, however romantic, may be overdose. Here she was at thirty-eight, beautiful and admired; and all that she seemed to have got from her lovers were reproaches and adieu's. Worse still, in the last one she had lost a customer, too.

Business languished, and she hung out a Room to Let card. Two large rooms on the third floor were prepared for desirable tenants. Roomers came, and went regrettably, for the house of Mrs. Barry was the abode of neatness, comfort and taste.

One day came Ramonti, the violinist, and engaged the front room above. The discord and clatter upstairs offended his ears; so a friend had sent him to this oasis in the desert of noise.

Ramonti, with his still youthful face, his dark eyes, his short, pointed, foreign, brown beard, his distinguished head of gray hair, and his artist's temperament—revealed in his light, gay and sympathetic manner—was a welcome tenant in the old house near Abinglon Square.

Helen lived on the floor above the store. The architecture of it was singular and quaint. The hall was large and almost square. Up one side of it, and then across the end of it ascended an open stairway to the floor above. This hall space had been furnished as a sitting room and office combined. There she kept her desk and wrote her business letters; and there she sat of evenings by a warm fire and a bright red light and sewed or read. Ramonti found the atmosphere so agreeable that he spent much time there, describing to Mrs. Barry the wonders of Paris, where he had studied with a particularly notorious and noisy fiddler.

Next comes lodger No. 2, a handsome, melancholy man in the early 40's, with a brown, mysterious beard, and strangely pleading haunting eyes. He too, found the society of Helen a desirable thing. With the eyes of Romeo and Othello's tongue, he charmed her with tales of distant climates and wooed her by respectful ministrations.

From the first Helen felt a marvelous and compelling thrill in the presence of this man. His voice somehow took her swiftly back to the days of her youth's romance. This feeling grew, and she gave way to it, and it led her to an instinctive belief that he had been a factor in that romance. And then with a woman's reasoning (oh, yes, they do, sometimes) she leaped over common syllogisms and theory, and logic, and was sure that her husband had come back to her. For she saw in his eyes love, which no woman can resist, and a thousand tons of regret and remorse, which aroused pity, which is perilously near to love required, which is the sine qua non in the house that Jack built.

But she made no sign. A husband who steps around the corner for twenty years

and then drops in again should not expect to find his slippers laid out too conveniently near nor a match ready lighted for his cigar. There must be explanation, and possibly excommunication. A little purgatory, and then, maybe, if he were properly humble, he might be trusted with a harp and crown. And so she made no sign that she knew or suspected.

And my friend, the reporter, could see nothing funny in this! Sent out on an assignment to write up a roaring, hillarious, brilliant joshing story of—but I will not knock a brother—let us go on with the story.

One evening Ramonti stopped in Helen's half-office-reception-room and told his love with the tenderness and ardor of the enraptured artist. His words were a bright flame of the divine fire that glows in the heart of a man who is a dreamer and a doer combined.

"But before you give me an answer," he went on, before she could accuse him of suddenness, "I must tell you that 'Ramonti' is the only name I have to offer you. My manager gave me that. I do not know who I am or where I came from. My first recollection is of opening my eyes in a hospital. I was a young man, and I had been there for weeks. My life before that is a blank to me. They told me that I was found lying in the street with a wound on my head and was brought there in an ambulance. They thought I must have fallen and struck my head upon the stones. There was nothing to show who I was. I have never been able to remember. After I was discharged from the hospital, I took up the violin. I have had success. Mrs. Barry—I do not know your name except that—I love you; the first time I saw you I realized that you were the one woman in the world for me—and"—oh, a lot of stuff like that.

Helen felt young again. First a wave of pride and a sweet little thrill of vanity went all over her; and then she looked Ramonti in the eyes, and a tremendous throb went through her heart. She hadn't expected that throb. It took her by surprise. The musician had become a big factor in her life, and she hadn't been aware of it.

"Mr. Ramonti," she said sorrowfully (this was not on the stage, remember; it was in the old home near Abinglon

Square), "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm a married woman."

And then she told him the sad story of her life, as a heroine must do, sooner or later, either to a theatrical manager or to a reporter.

Ramonti took her hand, bowed low and kissed it, and went up to his room.

Helen sat down and looked mournfully at her hand. Well she might. Three suitors had kissed it, mounted their red roan steeds and ridden away.

In an hour entered the mysterious stranger with the haunting eyes. Helen was in the willow rocker, knitting a useless thing in cotton-wool. He ricocheted from the stairs and stopped for a chat. Sitting across the table from her, he also poured out his narrative of love. And then he said: "Helen, do you not remember me? I think I have seen it in your eyes. Can you forgive the past and remember the love that has lasted for twenty years? I wronged you deeply—I was afraid to come back to you—but my love overpowered my reason. Can you, will you, forgive me?"

Helen stood up. The mysterious stranger held one of her hands in a strong and trembling grasp.

There she stood, and I pity the stage that it has not acquired a scene like that and her emotions to portray.

For she stood with a divided heart. The fresh, unforgettable, virginal love for her bridegroom was hers; the treasured, sacred, honored memory of her first choice filled half her soul. She leaned to that pure feeling. Honor and faith and sweet, abiding romance bound her to it. But the other half of her heart and soul were filled with something else—a later, fuller, nearer influence. And so the old fought against the new.

And while she hesitated, from the room above came the soft, racking, petitionary music of a violin. The bag, music, bewitches some of the noblest. The daws may peck upon one's sleeve without injury, but whoever wears his heart upon his typanum gets it not far from the neck.

This music and the musician called her, and at her side honor and the old love declared her back.

"Forgive me," he pleaded.

"Twenty years is a long time to remain away from the one you say you love," she declared, with a purgatorial touch.

"How could I tell?" he begged. "I will conceal nothing from you. That night when he left I followed him. I was mad with jealousy. On a dark street I struck him down. He did not rise. I examined him. His head had struck a stone. I did not intend to kill him. I was mad with love and jealousy. I hid near by and saw an ambulance take him away. Although you married him, Helen—"

"Who Are You?" cried the woman, with wide-open eyes, snatching her hand away.

"Don't you remember me, Helen—the one who has always loved you the best? I am John Delaney. If you can forgive me."

But she was gone, leaping, stumbling, hurrying, flying up the stairs toward the music and him who had forgotten, but who had known her for his in each of his two existences, and as she climbed up she sobbed, cried and sang: "Frank! Frank! Frank!"

Three mortals thus juggling with years as though they were billiard balls, and my friend, the reporter, couldn't see anything funny in it!



Sylvia's Best Seller

By

William Hugo Pakke

SYLVIA lived for her art alone, at least so she told herself in those glorious moments by the side of the sun-flecked brook, when, with fountain pen in hand and paper pad on knee, she set down the dainty imaginings of her young spirit for the problematical delight of the general public.

She knew that she was an author. Her marks during the past year at Miss Todd's finishing school had shown her that. Her English composition had soared while her algebra, botany, astronomy and organic chemistry had slumped — slumped — slumped. Besides, hadn't Miss Todd told her that she possessed the gift of expression? And moreover, hadn't Miss Bagley and the rest of the faculty implied that she was the limit, or words to that effect, in algebra, botany, astronomy and organic chemistry? Those pronouncements of the great world proved conclusively to her that she must specialize. She liked the sound of that, and forthwith decided that no other interests should ever interfere with her beloved art.

Nevertheless, Sylvia found time to keep her father's house in lonely, postresque Woodville. So joyously did she perform her duties, so brimful of cheer did she pack his life, that Colonel Crane never guessed he had anything so formidable as a genius for a daughter. Had he been asked for his appreciation of her he would have answered that she was the sweet-tempered, sunniest-natured, most endearing, and withal the most impudent little minx that an old father ever had reason to be proud of.

A casual observer might easily have concluded that Sylvia's life was filled quite

full with such things as managing the house, mis-managing the Colonel, administering her small charities and keeping up her end of an extensive correspondence. This would have been an error because all these duties were as nothing to Sylvia as regarded their drafts upon her energies; she performed them in the most sweetly matter-of-fact manner while sub-consciously longing to be by the brook-side putting pen to paper.

That her brain held an unborn best-seller in solution she did not doubt, although she never expressed it so to herself. The great trouble with her finished work was that it was unfinished. Her stories were wonderful—they lacked only one element and that was the human. She evolved smoothly flowing sentences, full of grace. She wrote descriptions of landscape that were gems. She told of the brooks and trees; of the forest lights and shadows; of the doings of the birds and the furry creatures, but never once had man come stamping nor maid come tripping into her tales.

The best-seller couldn't be precipitated from its soluble state without plot. Now, plot meant people and Sylvia saw no people in Woodville, and seeing no people she couldn't write about them, and if she didn't write about them there would be no plot, and if there were no plot the best-seller would remain unborn and if it did that, Sylvia's life would be blasted, and—oh dear! it all went 'round in a circle and was perfectly discouraging.

She became as keen for the elusive plot as ever starving frontiersman for game with which to appease the pangs of hun-



"Boy, You can stake your life on the lightest word that girl says. That's what I think of Crane's daughter."

er or amateur sportsman for antlers to fit his ravishing vanity.

In this mood, then, she commenced her novel by the side of the friendly little brook. She sketched a description of the scene, then, glancing into a pool did a rather good, if slightly self-conscious heroine by using her reflection as copy. It was then that her inability to proceed appalled her. Inasmuch as description was her forte, she greatly needed, then and there, a hero to describe—without one she was helpless. A quaint little smile of self-satirize played about her lips. "Oh for a man creature to analyse!" she said under her breath.

A voice sounding from very near startled her. "If I can't mistake this is Miss Sylvia Crane?"

"Oh! how welcome you are!" cried Sylvia, springing to her feet and holding out a slim ink-stained hand to the young man standing before her. "You are Judge Anderson's nephew, of course." Then, after a pause—"Why, oh why did I never think of you before?"

If Howard Anderson was surprised at the effusiveness of the welcome there was no trace of it in his easy, wellbred manner.

"I see you look upon me as a life-preserver thrown to you amidst a sea of horridom," he said, a genial smile lighting his eyes. "One's correspondence does become a nuisance, especially in vacation time." He made a slight gesture toward the small pile of manuscript beside Sylvia.

She let her chance for confession slip irretrievably into the void of the what-might-have-been. "Yes, doesn't it?" she acquiesced mordaciously.

The afternoon passed like a flash. That evening, for the first time, Sylvia took her work—her life work—to her room.

Howard, when he returned, found his uncle on the veranda impatiently awaiting him.

"Well!" exclaimed the Judge, "you made a rather long call for a first one."

"Very attractive girl—that Miss Crane," said Howard musingly, seating himself on the railing.

"Attractive! Humpah!" muttered the Judge. "You young people use too cold-blooded adjectives now-a-days. Why, when I was your age—"

"Oh—I'll enthuse if you wish me to,"

laughed Howard. "By the way, she's not given to flirting is she? She's not a natural-born one, or anything like that?"

"Look here, young man," cried the Judge, bringing his cane down sharply on the floor. "You can stake your life or your soul or anything else you wish on the lightest word that girl says and he safe—safe I tell you. That's what I think of Crane's daughter." He arose and stamped into the house.

"There's a mistake somewhere," thought Howard. "Either the girl's a flirt, or else—or else—I give it up. Anyway I'm glad I'm going to see her to-morrow."

Sylvia had worked long that evening. At last she had found a flesh and blood hero and the chance was too good to throw away. Very often she had wondered what old Judge Anderson's nephew was like—the brilliant young lawyer who was making a name in his profession. The thought of using him for copy had, however, never entered her head until the moment he had so propitiously answered her call. This was his first visit to Woodville in years and she considered it a fortunate chance that it occurred during her own vacation.

Although they had made a tentative engagement for the next day, Sylvia dispatched a note in the morning reminding Howard that she would be by the brookside waiting for him. She smoothed her conscience for her forwardness by promising herself to make a complete confession of the cause of her interest in him that very afternoon.

Howard was waiting for her when she came to her woodland work-room. "Was it necessary for you to remind me of our engagement?" he asked reproachfully. "You should have waited until I broke one before implying that the crime was possible for me."

"I wanted to make sure of you. I needed you very specially this afternoon" Sylvia seated herself on her favorite log and regarded him with interest. She approved of his leanness and she thought his coat of tan would be very becoming when it dropped.

"We might as well make our arrangements for to-morrow right now," suggested Howard. "Shall we say at three o'clock?"

"You mean that you will come to see me again to-morrow? How dear of you!"

"We might make it a standing engagement for every afternoon of my stay," urged Howard eagerly.

"Every afternoon," gasped Sylvia, eyes alight. "How perfectly splendid! But—I couldn't accept such sacrifice—it would be an awful bore for you."

"I should hardly call it a bore to spend my afternoons with a—with a—" Howard paused for a word, "a perfect winner," he ended lamely.

Sylvia smiled and then suddenly grew serious. "Oh, do say that differently!" she exclaimed.

Howard, surprised, essayed to improve his diction. "I should have said," he began, "that I would consider it an inexpressible delight to devote my afternoons to the most attractive girl I have ever met."

"That's quite good," murmured Sylvia. "I think I can use that."

"I beg your pardon?"

Sylvia's attention had wandered, however, and she roushasted no explanation; instead, during the long silence that followed, her thoughts dwelt on chapter III. Howard, with equal concentration pondered on the attractive subject of Sylvia.

They were both quite content.

"About the standing engagement?" asked Howard suddenly.

"Of course we'll make one if you wish it," returned Sylvia brightly.

A very happy arrangement it proved to be. The afternoons they spent together. In the evening Sylvia rehearsed what she could remember of the conversation. She edited it, inserted bits here and there and swept triumphantly through chapter III, into chapter IV.

While Sylvia was engaged in her literary pursuit, Howard talked law with the Judge. As he talked he thought of Sylvia—it had become a habit—and the result was such peculiar law that his uncle shook his head in bewilderment and wondered if the boy hadn't made a mistake in the choosing of his vocation.

One afternoon Howard was reading aloud to Sylvia. She was sitting curled up on the ground with her back against a great gray-green windfall. A smile of spontaneous amusement lighted her face as he made a particularly apt comment upon what he read.

Suddenly Howard stopped abruptly and laid down his book. "I want you to grant me a favor," he said.

"Ask it—I am as good-natured as a sleepy kitten to-day," she laughed.

"May I call you 'Sylvia'?" I feel as though it would be fairer if you were reminded of the name by which I think of you. May I do so?" He arose and stood looking down at her eagerly.

She sat up very straight and considered the question gravely. "No," she decided, "I'd rather you wouldn't call me that."

A shadow of disappointment crossed Howard's face. Sylvia looked up and caught his expression.

"But you may call me 'Editha,'" she added hurriedly. "I'd like it."

"Editha?" repeated Howard. "Is it your second name?"

She hesitated. She had christened her heroine "Editha," but she withheld the information. "I have always liked the name," she said with intentional vagueness.

"But may I think of you as 'Sylvia'?" he insisted.

"Oh, yes," she replied with a bright little smile.

He sank to his knees beside her. "Editha," he murmured, taking her hand in his. "The name harks back to the time when this was in vogue." He bowed his head with a courtly reverence and pressed his lips to her hand.

That evening, chapter IV, fared badly. There was much material but somehow it seemed too personal to use for the edification of the general public. Sylvia mused over it—she dreamed over it—and her dreams ran riot to such an extent that she hastily extinguished her light and went to bed, lost her pen unconsciously record them. As for Howard, he took the evening train for town, intent on a purpose known to himself alone.

The next afternoon found Sylvia again by the brookside. She brought her manuscript with her, intending to lay bare her secret before Howard and to confess to him frankly why she had sought his company day after day. When she saw that he was not there awaiting her, she welcomed the respite. She would have a few moments to compose her speech before his coming.

She curled down beside her tree and tried to disentangle her thoughts. The more she thought, the more difficult became her task. Here was such a truth-loving, bright daylight sort of soul that when, in her rehearsal, she reached the



She lived for Art—at least so she told herself in those glorious moments by the side of the sun-dappled brook.

point of assuring that her interest had been wholly impersonal—Oh, entirely! her conscience revolted. How she had enjoyed Howard's happy conversation—his imminently clever little quirks of fancy—his endearing sunniness!

Could she say, truthfully, that the happy glow about her heart as she hurried to their meeting place was merely an anticipation of available copy? Had their long talks helped her work? At first she had used parts of them—but recently? Had she returned eagerly during that succession of heavenly summer days solely in the interests of her book? In the sunny, clear-seeing soul of her she knew differently.

She glanced up anxiously, dreading to see Howard coming through the meadow—dreading to meet him in her confusion. She breathed a sigh of relief as she saw that the sun-drenched path lay shadowless before her. A while longer she sat there, dreaming dreams tinged with a vague loneliness. Then she gathered up her papers and walked pensively homeward.

Howard returned from town the next afternoon in a fever of unrest. Casting politeness to the winds, he spent a scant half-hour with the Judge and then ran down through the meadow paths. As he neared the great fallen tree and saw no sign of Sylvia he was seized by the fear that she had resented his defection of the previous day. This feeling was augmented by the lonesome, slowly passing minutes until he became frankly miserable.

He was on the point of seeking her at the house when she appeared. Down the path she came, a radiant figure with the westerly sun spilling its gold lavishly about her.

He sprang toward her, the gladness in his eyes proclaiming his welcome. "You

bit of light!" he cried. "How I missed you yesterday!"

"I rather think I missed you too," said Sylvia, demurely. She laid her hand on his arm. "Were you ill?" she asked anxiously.

Howard's heart leaped at the solicitude in her tone. Fumbling clumsily in his pocket he brought forth a glorious, glowing object. He gazed at it in embarrassment for a long moment and then suddenly slipped it on Sylvia's finger.

She gasped in sheer amazement. "Why—why it's a real diamond!" she exclaimed.

He laughed happily—beiyishly. "A real diamond, symbolizing a real love, Sweetheart."

She sat dazedly regarding the gem, flashing back the glory of the level sunbeams.

"You will let it remain, Editha? Oh hang it—I prefer 'Sylvia.' You will wear it, Sylvia?"

She tried vainly to recall her mind to Chapter IV. Something was wrong. Diamond rings were out of place in Chapters IV or V or even VI. Somehow, she wasn't as unhappy about it all, as an author, deeply interested in the development of her plot, should have been. Moreover, this was real; the rest, an unreality. Suddenly, it was borne in upon her of how much more value was the actual than the fictitious.

She looked long at the ring which seemed to claim her as its own, and then swiftly raised her eyes to Howard's.

"Yes," she said, happily, "Yes, I'll wear it."

The best-seller was never written—by Sylvia—but neither was her life blasted in spite of her former presentiment.



A MODERN DINING ROOM.

This illustrates the taste for simplicity which prevails to-day. The above room is finished in bright, but not glaring, tints. Practically the only elaboration of ornament is in the decorated portion of the windows and the carved or moulded cornice. The furniture is of mahogany after the Chippendale style. It is simple in line without being in the least severe. It is a bright, cheerful room in which to dine.



A CONTRAST.

This room is more elaborate than the dining-room shown opposite, but it is equally pleasing. It gives the impression of comfortable informality without loss of dignity. Several styles are blended in this room without disharmonious result. The cut-glass chandelier belongs to a formal style of furniture. The richly carved mirror frame is associated more often with elaborate Georgian furniture than with the Sheraton chairs and tables.

Some Dont's in House Furnishing

By

John Holt

UGLINESS, like dirt, consists largely of "matter out of place," hence, of matter wasted. William Morris said that when "our houses, our clothes, our household furniture and utensils are not

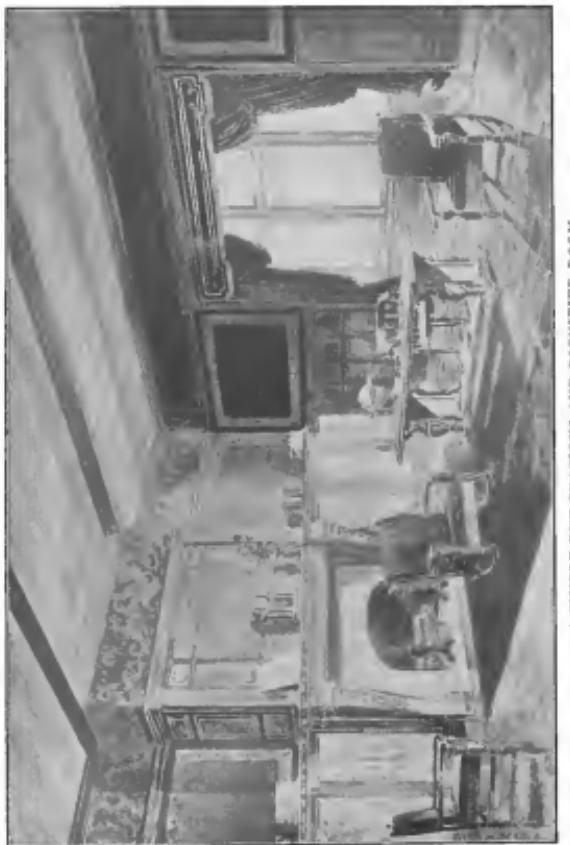
works of art, they are either wretched makeshifts or, what is worse, degrading slums of better things." Waste is always ugly and unpleasant, and makeshifts and slums are always wasteful.

And of the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in Canada every year on the making and furnishing of homes, a very large proportion must be wasted. Men who are the essence of keenness and intelligence in their business allow themselves to make absurd mistakes in matters which quite as much concern their daily life. "Taste" happens to be their blind spot and they are wise only when they recognize the fact.

There was a time when you could have counted the really well-furnished houses

in Canada on your fingers. Times were rough and people had neither the leisure to cultivate their tastes nor the money to gratify the tastes they might have had. Consequently when money did become more plentiful those who wished to spend it on improving and embellishing their homes were delivered bound and helpless into the hands of furniture manufacturers of even worse ideas and ideals than their own.

Stern years of association with no more than the bare necessities of backwoods



A SIMPLE BUT SPACIOUS AND DIGNIFIED ROOM.

life led naturally to the idea that any addition to a necessary must be a luxury, and that, to be beautiful, things must be as far as possible removed from the simple lines of the primitive products of axe and saw.

The manufacturer of the day made furniture as elaborately curly and shiny and brilliantly upholstered as the simplest heart could desire. Towering, bemirrored overmantels that shouted through a megaphone; "parlor suites" which were a perpetual brass band; innumerable "ornaments" designed to show by their expensive uselessness that their owners were rich enough to dispense with purely useful things.

Survivals of these terrible times are still to be seen, chiefly in small country hotels and suchlike places. Seldom does one find a house or even a room which thus shouts aloud the bad taste of its owner. Even when one does, the owner usually shows signs of grace. He is dimly conscious that all is not as it should be, though he may not for the life of him see what is wrong.

Since the man of taste no longer has to go abroad to satisfy his artistic sense, it has become increasingly unlikely that the man whose tastes are undeveloped will fall into bad hands. Canadians of to-day are on much the same level whether they are prepared to spend much or little on the furnishings of their houses. That is to say, all are now able to command the guidance of experts of discrimination. True the "wood batcher" with inclinations towards emerald plush is still in existence, but public taste has so much improved that the professional decorator who is an artist has been able to make himself heard, and the "reign of terror" is over among the generality of furniture makers.

Chiefly we go to the past for our best designs. L'Art Naïf is the standing horrible example of latter day attempts to evolve something "up-to-date." Consequently "Period" furniture is deservedly popular, and in its use it is equally easy to obtain excellent effects or to make disastrous mistakes.

The easiest mistake to make is in the use of "period" furniture which has no period. As long as the furniture is pleasing to the eye, this is not a matter of very great importance to any but an expert. More glaring is the mixture of opposed

periods, each of which may be correct in itself.

You have been into houses in which the rooms are nothing more or less than a series of shocks. The hall is Mission, severe to the point of being forbidding. An arch reveals a formally frivolous Louis XV drawing-room, all gilding, mirrors and breakfast-food cherubs. Beyond is a smaller parlor in florid Renaissance. You eat your dinner in a heavy black Jacobean dining-room, take coffee in a Moorish alcove, and lose a hundred up in the Flemish billiard-room, because you are oppressed with fear that your bedroom will be Chinese or Egyptian. The exterior of the house by-the-by probably represents a Scottish stronghold with extinguisher turrets.

Now, each of these styles may be carried out in the most correct and tasteful manner, but in combination they are a nightmare. Yet it is quite easy to enjoy the beauties of several periods without shock by means of a gentle shading off from one room to another. The hall, for instance, could be Colonial in effect, and as long as undue heaviness was avoided, the eye would travel smoothly to the Sheraton furniture of the drawing-room, with its delicately tapering legs and rich simplicity of narrow inlay. A few pieces of heavier type and deeply cushioned modern easy chairs covered in material in harmony with the Sheraton upholstery would be a natural descent from the formality of the drawing-room to the easier atmosphere of the parlor or living room.

The heavier pieces of hall furniture—a cabinet of American black walnut, for instance—would be placed away from the drawing-room and towards the dining-room and library, thus preparing the eye for the black solidity of the Jacobean furniture found there. At the turn of the stairs a gradual change could be arranged from the darker woodwork of the hall to the light, bright airiness which should characterize the bedrooms and their corridors. In fact, the general idea should be to arrange matters that a stranger in passing from room to room should not be conscious for a few seconds of any great change in the nature of his surroundings.

The opposite extreme to a jarring mixture of periods is the mistake of the man who is period-ridden. He chooses some



A WRITING DESK AFTER A COLONIAL MODEL.

The term "Colonial" really covers *most* types of early and middle Georgian furniture, such, in fact, as was imported before the war of American Independence. There is, however, a tendency to restrict the application to the term of the simpler and heavier styles. The use of furniture as massive as this may be *overdone*. It would be a mistake to fill a room with this sort of furniture without including at least a few pieces which would give a lesson of lightness.

period and sticks to it through thick and thin from one end of the house to the other. Provided he has chosen a "pure" period this is all very well in its way—if only the inhabitants of the house could dress and act the part as well. In the course of time the disadvantages of this arrangement become more and more apparent. Inevitably the house gets out of its period in details. A picture comes as a gift, an old piece of furniture is picked up here, a bit of china there, till at last the original scheme has become varied in a hundred incongruous details. There are some houses so period-ridden that the novels and magazines on the shelf under the table look like glaring anachronisms.

The mistake lies, of course, in seeking the letter instead of the spirit of a period. There is no harm in mixing periods with-

in reason. You find the same spirit running through furniture of different styles and different makers, and it is the spirit that makes a room or mars it. The "shading off" process should be carried out in each room as well as between the various rooms of the house.

If any man finds that his eye does not show him the difference between harmony and discord in this respect he may make reasons and logic his guides. It is worth his while to read up the subject of furnishing. To read not only the rule-of-thumb text books on decoration—though they are very useful—but works which deal with the history and evolution of furniture. Years of study combined with instincts are necessary to make the expert, but any man of intelligence soon can pick up a smattering both interesting and useful.



A CHIPPENDALE REPRODUCTION.

Observe the contrast between the rich *luxury* of this desk and the uncompromising *solidity* of the Colonial model. To Chippendale is due the credit of finding a happy medium between the excessively ornamented curves French furniture and the heavy-clumsy fashions of Queen Anne. Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite are the three outstanding names associated with the furniture of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Chippendale for instance made frequent use of ornamented "cabriole" legs as above, while Sheraton favored plain rectangular tapering supports.

He can learn the influence of France on English eighteenth century furniture, and thus get an idea of the extent to which the styles of the two countries are likely to harmonize. He can learn the chief points of difference between one period and another. The spiral turning of legs and bars which differentiates Charles II chairs and tables from earlier models, the elaborate carvings of Grinling Gibbons and his imitators, the black Japen and gilt fruit and flower decorations characteristic of Hepplewhite. After all, when one is buying something that purports to be a replica or even to carry out the spirit of an old model, it is just as well to be able to see to what extent it fulfills its promise.

If he is a seeker for genuine antiques, a slight knowledge will save him from the more flagrant frauds at any rate. The

writer was shown a chest which the owner cherished as late Elizabethan on the strength of its carvings. Unfortunately the wood was mahogany, and mahogany was unknown in England prior to 1720. Clearly the chest was a copy of an ancient model—in the wrong wood. The same owner had an "Elizabethan" chest of drawers, unaware that this article of furniture was not evolved from the simple chest till the middle of the seventeenth century.

Cultivated taste in Canada, as in England, has a distinct leaning towards simplicity. Hence the popularity, not only of the more simple and refined eighteenth century models, but of the modern reverations to extreme simplicity, such as Mission and the various "craft" productions. Often this simplicity is carried altogether

to far. Very "Art-and-Crafty" people inhabit houses furnished with a simplicity that amounts to scandinity, while an excess of the hard lines and angles of Mission furniture sometimes gives an uncomfortably austere impression, however comfortable individual pieces of furniture may be.

The Craft enthusiast makes the mistake of ignoring the conditions under which we live. After all, we are civilized beings and members of a very complex social system, whether we like it or not. We must live accordingly. It is ridiculous to expect us to live the life of a story-book cottage, or to satisfy the requirements of modern civilization with the aid of a few joint stools and a trestle table stained green—an appropriate color.

All the same, simplicity is the proper side on which to err. A scantly furnished house is infinitely better than one that is overcrowded. Besides it is easy enough to remedy over-simplicity, whereas the only remedy for overcrowding is the scrapping of superfluous articles that once cost good money to buy.

Another way of ignoring the times in which we live is in choosing old style furniture of a period quite unsuited either to everyday requirements or to the purposes to which a room is to be put. Empire, Louis XV or similar brilliantly formal styles are quite unsuited for the ordinary small drawing-room. Large reception and hall-rooms are where they belong—for which, in fact, they were designed—and nothing is ever able to invest them with homeliness. Gaiety, perhaps, but cheerfulness never.

Most of the mistakes outlined above are such that any man is liable to make—even a man with some knowledge of good and evil in decoration. For those who are without taste, with whom lack of time or unsuitable environment has prevented its development, there are so many pitfalls that it would be difficult to name half of them. Those who are wise enough to recognize their blind spot will also be wise enough to seek expert advice rather than to attempt to rely upon their own uneducated judgment, and all they need fear is falling into bad hands. As has been said, the vastly improved public taste in

Canada has made this far less likely than once might have been the case.

Naturally the acceptance of too much or varied advice should be avoided. To go to one man for advice about wall paper, to another regarding rugs and to take designs for furniture from a third often has peculiar results. You find Craft furniture of the ultra-simple type on a fully carpeted floor, or in a room with elaborately fringed and looped up curtains. Or Adam furniture against brilliantly flowered wall paper.

Most of the mistakes of an uneducated taste arise from a desire to get plenty of show for the money. Thereby were fortunes made by the "push and polish merchants" of the past; because of this one sees much misuse of otherwise beautiful things. On the principle that there cannot be too much of a good thing, rooms are crammed with elaborate carvings which kill each other and vulgarize the whole effect. Or heavy furniture is chosen to the exclusion of light and graceful pieces, because "there is more to it." It should always be remembered that expense does not necessarily mean value. When in doubt about anything brilliant or elaborate—Don't.

There are many excellent text books dealing with the practical side of furnishing and which lay down these laws from which there must be no departure. From them one may learn the limitation of a north room in the matter of wallpaper, and the liberties that may be taken with a room that gets plenty of sunshine. Tables may be consulted which show what colors can be used in contrast, and in harmony, and advice obtained upon the placing of lighting fixtures.

These are important details no doubt, but they are insignificant compared to the necessity for "humanity" in a house. A man should never forget that he owes something to his own personality.

The wish, natural enough, to obtain immediate results, should be fought down resolutely. It is impossible to make a home by building a house and filling it full of furniture, however well the furniture may be chosen. If the equipment of a house is to reflect anything of its owner's personality it must be a matter of gradual growth.

Ambition!

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second of Dr. Marden's series of articles for this Magazine. It concerns the one great quality upon which is based the difference between the Old World and the New. The clerk in the Old Country has a certain sort of ambition, an ambition to get enough, to be comfortable, to be insured against starvation. In Canada the average man's ambition goes further than this. The clerk knows no limit to ambition. And in fact there is no limit to the career of any ambitious and able Canadian.

But Dr. Marden in the following article deals with Ambition from a different standpoint. He is not treating with comparative ambitions, but he interprets for you and others just what our Ambition means to us, what it is a sign of, what we may expect of it and how to use it.

WHEN a person has taken an overdose of morphine, a doctor knows that sleep would be fatal, and every effort is made to keep the patient awake. He is sometimes obliged to resort to what seems to be most cruel treatment, pinching and pounding the patient, to keep off that slumber from which there would be no awakening. So it is with ambition; if it once goes to sleep, it is almost impossible to arouse it.

It is astonishing how many people there are who have no definite aim or ambition, but just exist from one day to another with no well-defined life plan. All about us on the ocean of life we see young men and women aimlessly drifting without rudder or port, throwing away time, without serious purpose, or method in anything they do. They simply drift with the tide. If you ask one of them

what he is going to do, what his ambition is, he will tell you he does not exactly know as yet what he will do. He is simply waiting for a chance.

How can a man who lives without a program ever expect to arrive anywhere but in chaos, confusion? A clear-cut purpose has a powerful influence upon the life. It unifies our efforts and gives direction to our work, so that every blow counts.

Every man should be a stern schoolmaster to himself. He cannot sit and take it easy every time he has the opportunity; he cannot lie abed until he feels like getting up in the morning, and work only when he is in the mood, and yet amount to anything.

He must learn to master his moods and to force himself to work no matter how he feels.

Most of the ambitionless people who fail are too lazy to succeed. They are not willing to put themselves out, to pay the price, to make the necessary effort. They want to have a good time. Why should they struggle and strive and strain? Why not enjoy life, take it easy?

Everywhere we see human watches with splendid equipment, apparently all ready to run, and we wonder why they are silent, why they do not keep good time. The reason is, they have no mainspring, no ambition.

A watch may have perfect wheels, it may have a very costly jeweled setting, but if it lacks a mainspring, it is useless. So a youth may have a college education, excellent health, but if he lacks ambition, all his other equipments, no matter how superb, will not amount to much.

Ambition often begins very early to knock for recognition. If we do not heed its voice, if it gets no encouragement after appealing to us for years, it gradually ceases to trouble us, because, like any other causal quality or function, it deteriorates or disappears when unused.

An unused ambition is like a postponed resolution. Its demand for recognition becomes less and less imperative, just as the constant damping of any desire or passion tends to its extinction.

If there is a pitiable sight in the world, it is a person in whom ambition is dead—the man who has denied and denied that inward voice which bids him up and on, the man in whom ambition's fire have cooled from the lack of fuel.

There is always hope for a person, no matter how bad he is, as long as his ambition is alive; but when that is dead beyond resurrection, the great life-spur, the impelling motive is gone.

One of the most difficult things a human being can do is to keep his ambition from fading out, his aspirations sharp and fresh, his ideals clear and clean-cut.

Ambition requires a great deal and a great variety of fuel to keep it vigorous. A mushy-puny ambition does not amount to anything. It must be backed by a robust will power, stern resolve, physical energy, powers of endurance, to be effective.

The fact that you have an almost uncontrollable impulse, a great absorbing

ambition to do a thing which meets with the approval of your judgment and your better self, is a notice served upon you that you can do the thing, and should do it as soon as possible.

Some people seem to think that the ambition to do a certain thing in life is a permanent quality which will remain with them. It is not. It is like the daily manna which fell for the daily needs of the Israelites in the desert. They had to use it at once. When their faith was weak they tried to store it up, but they found it would never keep until the next day.

The time to do a thing is when the spirit is upon us, when it makes a sharp, clean-cut impression upon us. Resolution fades and becomes dimmer at every postponement. When the desire, the ambition, comes fresh and strong with the mal and enthusiasm, it is easy, but after we have postponed it a few times, we find ourselves less and less inclined to make the necessary effort or sacrifice to attain it, because it does not appeal to us with the same emphasis as at first.

Do not allow the ambition to cool. Make up your mind that you cannot and will not speed your life being half satisfied. Rouse your spirit, and go toward the goal which is worth while.

You cannot do much with a young man who is apparently content to drift along in a haphazard way, half content with his accomplishments, undisturbed by the fact that he has used but a very small part of himself, a very small percentage of his real ability; that his energies are running to waste in all sorts of ways. You cannot do much with a young man who lacks ambition, life, energy and vigor—who is willing to slide along the line of least resistance, and who exerts himself as little as possible. There is no foundation to build upon. Even those foundations which he had to begin with are slowly crumbling to uselessness.

It is the young man who is not satisfied with what he does and who is determined to better it every day, who struggles to express the ideal, to make the possible in him a reality, that wins.

What would become of the human race if everyone had reached his goal, had attained his ambition? Would anyone want

to work more than he felt like working? Who would do all the drudgery?

Suppose everyone was in the condition of the sons and daughters of many rich parents whose sole object is to have a good time, to enjoy all the pleasant things and to avoid all the work and disagreeable experience possible—how long would it take a world so peopled to retrograde to barbarism?

We owe everything to the climbing faculty. The struggle of man to rise a little higher, to get into a little more comfortable position, to secure a little better education, a little better home, to gain a little more culture and refinement, to acquire that power which comes from being in a position of broader and wider influence through the acquirement of property, is what has developed the character and the stamina of our highest types of mankind to-day. This upward life-trend gives others confidence in us.

Nothing so contributes to one's advancement in life as the formation of the climbing habit in everything, the perpetual ambition and effort to do a little better to-day than yesterday, to do everything we attempt a little better than we have done it in the past.

It is a wonderful aid to growth to associate constantly with people who are above us, who are better educated, more cultivated, more refined, who have had rich experience in lines of which we know little. We all know how quickly a person deteriorates when all his tendencies are downward, when he seeks the company of those below him, and common, denser-lizing pleasures. When this process is reversed, the upward tendency, the upward progress, is just as pronounced.

No one can do anything very great unless he is spurred on by an ambition which takes the drudgery out of his task, an enthusiasm which lightens his burdens and cheers the way.

The man who goes to his work as a galley-slave to his ear, as a tired horse to his load too heavy to pull, can never accomplish much; there must be a zeal and great ambition and love for the work, or either mediocrity or failure must result.

It is a very difficult thing to succeed in life under the most favorable conditions, but to live your work is a tremendous help, a great tonic. Enthusiasm seems to

AMBITION!

make us unconscious of danger and obstacles. If you find your ambition dying out, if you do not feel the same zeal for your work, if you are not so interested that you long to go to it in the morning and hate to leave it at night, there is something wrong somewhere. Perhaps you have not found your right place, discouragement may have killed your enthusiasm and diminished your zest.

It is not difficult to increase enthusiasm, to spur on a lagging ambition, if you set about it as you do about the task you are determined to accomplish. You cannot keep up your friendships without constant cultivation, and the same thing is true of ambition.

Everywhere we see people side-tracked, with their fires banked, the water in their boilers cooled down, and yet they are wondering why express trains fly past them, while they creep along like snails. They cannot understand why banked fires and lukewarm water will not pull their trains at express speed.

These people never renew their rails, do not keep the water in the engines at the boiling point, yet they complain if they fail to reach their destination. They cannot understand why they are so much slower than their neighbor's train which flies past them on perfectly ballasted roads, and with up-to-date engines and cars. If they can't off their wretched tracks, they substitute it to hard luck.

The great majority of people who do not amount to anything in the world, those who are sidetracked, the idle, the indolent, the neophyte, have failed from the lack of ambition.

The youth who hungers for an education, who longs for improvement, no matter how poor, generally finds a way. But there is little hope for the ambitionless, there is no way of firing, of stirring up, of stimulating those who lack the ambition to get on in the world.

It is not an easy matter to keep back a boy with an ambition to do something and to be somebody in the world. No matter what his surroundings, no matter how badly he is handicapped, he will find a way out, will forge ahead. You could not keep back a Lincoln, a Wilson, or a Greeley; if too poor to buy books, they would borrow them and pick up an education.

You may think your life is very common, that your opportunity of amounting to much is very small. But it does not matter how humble your position or what you are doing, if you have a taste for something better, if there is an *au-reach* and up-reach in your life, if you aspire to something higher, and are willing to pay the price for advancement in downright hard work, you will succeed. You will rise out of your commonness just as surely as the germ struggles up through the soil by persistent pushing.

There is something in the atmosphere of every person which predicts his future; for the way he does things, the energy, the degree of enterprise which he puts into his work, his manner—everything is a telltale of what is awaiting him.

"If you are only swabbing a deck, swab it as if old Davy Jones were after you," says Dickens.

A man may be very dissatisfied with what he is doing without having the aspiration for something higher and the stamina to reach his aim. Merely dissatisfaction with one's position does not always indicate ambition. It may indicate laziness, indifference.

But when we see a man filling a position as well as it can be filled, trying to do everything to a complete finish, taking great pride in it, and yet having a great longing for something higher and better, we feel certain he will attain it.

When young Franklin was struggling to get a foothold in Philadelphia, shrewd business men there predicted, even when he was eating, sleeping, and printing in one room, that he had a great future before him, because he was working with all his might to get up higher, and he carried himself in a way that gave confidence. Everything he did was done so well, with such ability, that it was a prediction of very much larger things. When he was only a journeyman printer he did his work so much better than others, and his system was so much superior even to his employers, that those predicted he would some day have the business which went to that firm—which he did.

Men often fail because of an impatient ambition. They cannot wait to prepare for their life-work, but think they must leap into a position which others have been years in reaching. They are over-

ambitious, impatient of results, and have no time to do anything properly. Everything is hurried and forced. These people do not develop symmetrically, but are one-sided; they lack judgment and good sense.

"The heights by great men reached and kept."

We were attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

We frequently see sad examples of unbridled ambition—men who have been spurred on by an overruling ambition, men whose sensibilities have been so benumbed by the ambition to become rich or powerful, that they have stooped to do very questionable things. Ambition often blinds one to justice.

There is nothing more pitiable than to see a man the victim of an inordinate, selfish ambition to advance himself at all costs, to gain fame, or notoriety, no matter who is sacrificed in the process.

It is very difficult to see the right, to get a clear perspective of justice, when we become victims of an overruling ambition. Men so intoxicated have stopped at no crime. Napoleon and Alexander the Great are good examples of the wrecks which an unbridled ambition makes of its victims.

Everyone should have an ambition to do something distinctive, something individual, something which will take him out of mediocrity, which will lift him above the ambitionless, the energyless. It is perfectly proper to be ambitious to get up as high in the world as possible, and this we may do with all charity and kindness of heart toward our neighbors.

The fellow who must be aroused is yourself, and every man is entitled to draw his inspiration from whatever source is at hand.

Sometimes the conversation or encouragement of an inspiring man or woman in whom we have great confidence, the faith of some one who believes in us when others do not, who sees something in us which others do not see, arouses the ambition and gives us a glimpse of our possibilities.

We may not think much about this at the time, but it may be a turning point in our career.

Multitudes of men and women have caught the first glimpse of themselves by the reading of some inspiring book or some vigorous article. Without it, they might have remained ignorant of their real power forever. Anything that will give us a glimpse of ourselves, that will open up our possibilities, is invaluable.

Choose for your friends those who stimulate you, who arouse your ambition, who stir you up with a desire to do something and be somebody in the world. One such friend is worth a dozen passive or indifferent friends.

Get close to people who arouse your ambition, who hold you, who make you think and feel. Keep close to people who are a perpetual inspiration to you. The great trouble with most of us is that we never get aroused, never discover ourselves until late in life—often too late to make much out of the remnant.

The great thing is to arouse our possibilities when young, that we may get the greatest possible efficiency out of our lives.

Most people die with the largest percentage of their possibilities still undeveloped. They have improved little patches of their ability here and there, while the great estate of their possible selves is unutilized—with great mines of wealth untouched.

We cannot use what we do not first discover and see.

There are tens of thousands of day laborers in this country—common workmen—putting their lives into drudgery, who, if they had only been aroused, would have been employers themselves—would have been men of force, of standing in their community—but they have been held down by their ignorance of their own power. They have never discovered themselves, and so they must be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." We see them everywhere—splendid men and women, who impress us as giants in possibility, but who are totally ignorant of the great forces that are sleeping within them.

There are thousands of girls who are spending their lives as clerks or operatives, or in ordinary situations, who, if they could but discover themselves, could once see their possibilities, could improve their conditions immeasurably and become great living forces in the world.

Sit down and take an inventory of yourself. If you are dissatisfied with what you are doing and think you ought to do better, try to discover, no matter how long it takes you, just where your trouble lies. Find out the things that keep you back. Make long, searching tours of discovery in your own consciousness. Say to yourself over and over again, "Why can others do such remarkable things while I do ordinary, common things?" Constantly ask yourself, "If others can do them, why cannot I?"

You may find some great nuggets of gold in these tours of self-discovery, which you never dreamed you possessed—great possibilities of power which you never uncovered before, and which may, if developed, revolutionize your life.

One of the fatal dangers of remaining a long time in one position, as a clerk, for example, is that habit tends to make slaves of us. What we did yesterday we are more likely to do-to-day; and if we do it to-day, it is still more certain that we will do it to-morrow; and, after a while, using the same faculties in a dry routine, the other, unused faculties begin to wane, grow weaker, strophyp, until to think that what we are doing is the only thing we can do.

What we use becomes stronger; what we do not use weaker; and we are likely to deceive ourselves in underestimating the powers we really possess.

Low aim is crime because it pulls down every other quality to its level. Low aim destroys the executive ability. The faculties and the entire man follow the aim. We must climb, or we must go down, there is no such thing as clinging forever upon one rung of Life's great ladder.

Fortunes in Foxes

By

Arthur Conrad

TWENTY-FIVE years ago or thereabouts a Prince Edward Island farmer, Dalton by name, resident in the little village of Albionton near the western extremity of the Island, captured a fugitive idea which fitted through his brain one day and put it to the test of actual experience. It was a simple enough idea in its way. It did not require much lying awake at night to mature its details. Neither did it involve much outlay of time or money to get it started. It was merely one of those happy little inspirations which come in a few men in this world and enable them to amass fortunes without the expenditure of much effort. Dalton's idea proved pure gold. It succeeded beyond his expectations. Within a comparatively few years it had made him rich and prosperous.

Dalton is buried; up to quite recent times he has refused to be interviewed or to divulge the slightest bit of information about his undertaking. In consequence whereof, a fabric of legend and rumor have built up about the origin of his fox-ranching operations. It is probably true that he first sensed the notion of raising foxes when he heard that a litter had been found on the Island, in which were some so-called black pups. Black foxes, as he well knew, were extremely rare; their skins were exceptionally valuable. Why, reasoned he, should it not be possible to secure the pups and see if he could not breed from them in captivity. If the attempt proved a failure, there would be little harm done, while, if he succeeded, well,—there would certainly be money in it at the prices skins were fetching. So

Dalton scoured the litter for a mere song. Just about the same time it chanced by an odd coincidence, so the legend runs, that a second litter was found by some sportsmen on the Island, which got into the hands of Captain Oulton of Tignish as a sort of curiosities, foxes being rare. Dalton broached his plan to the Captain and suggested that they should come together on the scheme. The Captain was not loath and the pair entered into partnership, putting all their young foxes together. For fifteen years or more they carried on their experiments in fox-breeding without interference, at first with some reverses but ultimately with the greatest success. Obstacles of one sort or another were overcome and finally a pure black strain was secured, the kind of fur that commands the top-notch price on the London market. From time to time foxes captured in Quebec, Anticosti, Labrador and Maine were introduced into the ranch in order to improve the breed.

It is now about five years ago since the Dalton-Oulton corner in foxes, if such it may be called, was broken up. The partners absolutely refused to sell live foxes and, as they owned the only black foxes to be had, there was no chance for anyone else to break into the game. However, the story is told on the Island that a farmer called Tuplin, finally prevailed on Captain Oulton to sell him a "patch," a fox half-red half-black, which he claimed he wanted as a pet. His real purpose was to mate it with a common red fox and see if he could not get some blacks from the combination. On learning this Oulton is said to have offered double the money

paid for the patch to recover it, but Tuplin was not to be deterred. He started his ranch, and meeting with success in his breeding, soon had plenty of pups on hand. The cat, or in this case the fox, being out of the bag, it was not long before other farmers began to buy foxes and Dalton and Oulton were compelled by circumstances to change their tactics. It is now possible to buy foxes, pedigreed if you like, just as you would buy sheep or cattle.

To-day the Islanders, fascinated with the stories of quickly-acquired wealth to be made from the raising of foxes, have gone literally fox-crazy. From the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province down, hundreds of people are dabbling in the business. On trains, in steam-boats and at hotels, the traveler is constantly overhearing the words, "ranches" and "foxes." If two men are seen in earnest converse the chances are that foxes are their theme. If a fine house is being built on some farm to replace the old homestead, it is quite within the possibilities that foxes have made its erection possible. If some one is observed pointing towards a wood from the car window, it is likely that he is indicating the location of some famous ranch. The money that the people of Prince Edward Island can't put into automobiles, for the law of the Province prohibits the use of motors on the Island, is going into fox ranches and the conversation that elsewhere is taken up with discussing motors and motorizing, is being bestowed in its entirety on foxes and fox ranching.

It has already been indicated that money is being made out of the breeding of the little animals. That the amount realized justifies all this excitement is apparent when it is explained that live foxes are selling to-day on the Island from one to three thousand dollars apiece. So costly are they that in many instances men are clubbing together to buy pairs, being unable to finance the purchase individually. And still the price advances. Between 1910 and 1911 it actually increased by about one thousand dollars, the reason being simply that there are so many people and syndicates keen to secure breeding animals that the fox population is insufficient to go round. Fox breeders claim that this condition will probably last for about five years, by which time the rush will be over and the fox-ranching business will strike a normal level.

The solid basis on which the success of the fox-raising business rests is, of course, the high prices which the skins of silver grey or black foxes bring in the fur markets of Europe. It was the marked scarcity of these pelts that led Dalton to go in for his experiment. So long as there is a popular demand for fox skins and so long as the supply is limited these Islanders who are going in for breeding foxes stand to make plenty of money. At present the sale of live foxes will tend to keep the supply of skins short and even after this sale begins to fall off, as it is bound to do ultimately, it will still be some little time before the price of fox skins will drop materially. So, whichever way it is regarded, the Island farmers who own fox ranches will make a good thing out of the business.

It was, of course, from the sale of skins that Dalton and Oulton made their fortunes. Their skins have long commanded top prices at the London sales, which means that they sell anywhere from one hundred to five hundred pounds apiece. When, as was the case last year, Dalton had thirty skins on the market, it is not hard to understand how quickly a sum can grow rich in fox-ranching. It is said that one of the March sales in London, a fox skin went at £580 (\$2,822.) Dalton had no skins up at this auction and he was naturally curious to learn where such an unusually valuable pelt had come from. After investigating, it turned out to be one of his skins that had been sold at the January sales for £390 (\$1,888). The purchaser had actually re-sold it two months later at an advance of £190 (\$924.). Instances could be multiplied to show how money is being fairly coined in the fox business.

It is estimated that there are now about one hundred and fifty ranches on Prince Edward Island, located for the most part in the western portion of the Island between Summerside and Tignish. An attempt was made to establish a ranch in the eastern end recently, but it was not a success, though it has not been proved conclusively that ranching cannot be carried on successfully in all parts of the

Island. The number of ranches is now increasing so rapidly that the prospect is that they will become as common as poultry runs very soon. Generally speaking these ranches are enclosed areas in the middle of a grove of woods, fenced in with wire netting or boards to a height of ten or twelve feet and kept carefully padlocked to prevent the entrance of strangers. They cover from half an acre to several acres of ground and are calculated not only to keep the foxes from escaping but to provide them with a natural environment, where they will not be frightened or disturbed. The little animals are not allowed to run loose in the ranch but are caged in small enclosures, made of wire netting and are provided with kennels in which to lie.

A visit to one of these ranches is naturally full of interest and it is quite a privilege to enter one of the larger ones. An owner may have methods which he does not want to make public or animals which he does not wish everybody to see, for which reason it is a compliment to be invited to inspect a ranch. For the most part the foxes are very wild and it is hard to catch sight of them at all, unless one's movements are as stealthy as those of an Indian. Some owners believe it pays to keep the foxes in this state of wildness, though others take the view that it better for breeding if the animals are tame and less afraid of man. By and by there will doubtless be a uniform practice in this respect. In the meantime it is only the pups which are comparatively tame and always ready for inspection. The older foxes may be roused out of their boxes but they are usually so frightened that they scamper away into hiding as quick as a flash.

A pure black fox is a beautiful little animal with glossy skin and quick expressive eyes. Those who breed them say they have considerable intelligence and as usual there are numerous stories, some almost unbelievable, to illustrate the point. They are fed principally on offal secured from slaughter houses and as the fox population is getting pretty large, it is costing more and more to feed them. This will be one of the problems to be solved in the future. Meanwhile some breeders are experimenting with other

kinds of food with a certain degree of success.

Some men with small means have found it advisable to start their ranches with common red foxes and, after familiarizing themselves with the habits of the animals, introduce black ones. On account of the immense value of the latter, this has been a prudent policy to pursue. Even red foxes are worth money, selling from ten to fifty dollars a pair, and by mating them up with patches, some black pups may be obtained. In a litter of five secured in this way and shown the writer, there were two fine specimens of black foxes.

Men like Dalton keep a careful record of all the animals in their ranches and in this respect their breed are just like registered cattle. Foxes with pedigrees naturally command a higher price than those without and it was a shrewd move to start keeping records. In selling these foxes it has become customary to give a guarantee to replace those that fail to breed. In this way a purchaser is made fairly sure of results.

There must surely be considerable temptation for unprincipled persons to enter the ranches under cover of night and make off with one or more animals. Situated as they are, at some distance from the habitations of men, and quite unprotected save for a padlock on the gate, it would seem as if it would be an easy matter to break into one of them. However, so far as is known only one case of stealing foxes has been heard of on the Island, which speaks volumes for the honesty of the people.

During the coming winter there will be many anxious hearts in Prince Edward Island. A great deal is at stake. So many people have put money into the purchase of foxes and are looking eagerly forward to the coming of the litters in the spring, that it may be said the whole Island's happiness is dependent on the welfare and productivity of the little animals. One may only have invested a few dollars along with others in a pair that is being kept in some distant ranch, but yet it will be of immense importance whether the breeding is successful or not. Everybody hopes, not without reason, for huge returns on their investment.

The Romance of Blois

By

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

Editor's Note:—A vagrant whiff of perfume, the turn of a cheek, or the sound of a voice, sometimes recall to us great memories which are associated in our minds with that certain perfume, that certain cheek or that voice. We reconstruct from them persons, places and events. In this letter from Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, the woman writer, traveling at present in Europe and writing as she moves from place to place, tells how she, from the modern tourist bedroom, can see from her window the beautiful Chateau de Blois. This chateau recalls the story of Louise—Mademoiselle Louise de la Valiere. It is one of the old stories of France, the story of this girl whose "certain grace, modesty and tenderness in bearing and expression" added to the charm of "the dazzling whiteness and rosiness of her skin, the exquisite blueness of her eyes, and the brilliancy of her, blonde hair, won the fickle heart of a king." Louise went to the court of Louis XIV. After that, the world knew the story. But in the following pages a modern woman recalls other phases of the gentle Louise.

It is delightful to be lodged so near the beautiful chateau of Blois that we can see the faade of Francis I. by sunlight, twilight, and moonlight. This chateau built upon massive supporting walls dominates a natural terrace, which rises above the valley of the Loire and the ravine of the Arroux. No more fitting site could be found for the chateau than the quadrilateral formed by these two streams. The wing of Francis I., with its noble columns, Italian loggias, balustrades, stitcs, picturesque chimneys, grotesque gargoyles, and other rich and varied decorations, displays all the architectural luxury of the Renaissance, of which it was in a sense the final expression. It was while gazing upon this marvellous faade that Mr. Henry James longed for such brilliant pictures as the figures

of Francis I., Diane de Poitiers, or even of Henry III., to fill the empty frames made by the deep recesses of the beautifully proportioned windows.

Looking at the richly ornamented facade, wandering a ross the great court and up the famous spiral stairway to the spacious rooms above, it was not to Francis I. or Diane or Henry III. that our thoughts turned, but to a later period in the history of the chateau, when Gaston, Duke of Orleans, held his court here, and a bevy of young girls brought charm and grace into these great bare rooms.

Gaston's eldest daughter, La Grande Mademoiselle, was often here in those days, acting in amateur theatricals with her step-sisters, one of whom, the little Princess Marguerite d'Orleans, cherished vain hopes of becoming Queen of France

by marrying her own cousin, Louis XIV. Other young girls in the family group were Mlle. de Saint-Rémi, whose father, Jacques de Courtaulx, Marquis of Saint-Rémi, was first steward to Gaston, and Mlle. Montelais, whose name occurs in one of the court rhymes of the day in company with that of another young girl whose history is closely associated with the chateau,

Guiche of love the silly
The maids of honor did supply.
He has caged a pretty pair,
Montelais and La Valliere.

The other girl who was destined to be a companion to Mlle. Montelais at court was Louise de la Valliere, the step-daughter of Saint-Rémi, and the daughter of the Marquis de la Baume le Blanc, Sieur de la Gasserie. These high-sounding titles of the La Vallieres did not stand for much in gold or gear at this time, although there are still ruins to be seen in Bourbonnais of a very ancient castle of the La Baumes.

It was not at this chateau that the La Vallieres lived during the childhood of Louise, but at Amboise, and here she may have seen the fourteen-year-old Louis, who came with the Queen Mother and Mazarin to this town, which was so gallantly held for him against Gaston and his hellicose daughter, by the honest soldier, Laurent de la Valliere. Whether or not little Louise de la Valliere saw the young King at Amboise during the war of the Fronde, she certainly saw him when he stopped at Blois, some years later, on his way to Saint-Jean de Lux and the Spanish marriage. Louis and his court were the guests of Gaston in 1660, although they had been openly arrayed against each other at Amboise in 1651. Mlle. de Montpensier, in her frank and amusing chronicles, tells us that the king evidently found her father's chateau a dull place to stop in overnight, the customs and costumes of the household failed to please the fastidious young monarch. The meal was served, she says, in old-fashioned style, and the ladies were dressed "like the dishes—all out of fashion." Only one figure in the group which had gathered in the vast *salle* to do honor to the King appeared to him worthy of royal regard. This was a slight, girlish form, in white mardin, a costume so simple that it could never be quite out of date. From her modest station behind the prin-

cesses of the House of Orleans, by the command of her hostess, Louise de la Valliere stepped forward, confused and blushing, to make her deep courtesy before the King, while the Duchesse presented her in due form as Mlle. de la Baume le Blanc, daughter of the Marquis de la Valliere, and step-daughter of the Marquis de Saint-Rémi.

As Madame de Monteville described her at seventeen, we see the slight girlish form of La Valliere making her reverence before royalty, owing her charm, as the court lady relates, more to a certain grace, modesty, and tenderness in bearing and expression than to the dazzling whiteness and rosiness of her skin, the exquisite blueness of her eyes, and the brilliancy of her blonde hair of the shade which the French call cheveux *argente*. Whether the beauty and charm of Louise made a lasting impression upon the heart of the King is doubtful, as that susceptible organ was at this time occupied with the adventurous Marie Mancini, while his mind was turned toward the Spanish marriage, an important alliance for political reasons. We may believe, however, that in the brief moment that the young girl looked into the eyes of the King the world was changed for her. Then, as ever after, it was the personal charm of Louis that appealed to the girl's imagination, rather than the grandeur of his station. It was the man she loved, not the king, and at twenty-three, with his deep blue eyes, curling love-locks, and graceful bearing, Louis was well fitted to please the fancy of a romantic girl of seventeen. If Louise had not seen him again, the image of this young prince from fairyland might in time have faded from her mind, especially as an ingenuous love affair with a neighbor's son already existed.

Some notes and occasional shy glances had been exchanged between Mademoiselle de la Valliere and young Bragelonne, who lived next door to the Saint-Rémi's at Blois, and had not she been suddenly carried off to court, this nefarious romance might have materialized into a happy marriage, and a career more honorable, if less brilliant and exciting, than that which lay before her.

It was this early affair with a neighbor's son which gave Dumas some historic foundation for his captivating and pathetic

story of the Vicomte de Bragelonne. Whether or not the young lover wore his heart upon his sleeve to the end of his days, it is quite evident that M. de Bragelonne was speedily forgotten by Louise, amid the pleasures and distractions of the gayest court in Europe.

A few months later, through the influence of a distant relative, Louise de la Valliere was given a place at court in the service of the English Princess, the beautiful, captivating, and capricious Henriette, daughter of Charles I., and wife of the King's young brother, Philippe d'Orléans. Chroniclers of the time all agree in ascribing to her a rare charm of manner, a lively wit and a keen intellect. This combination of beauty, charm, and intellect, found more frequently, perhaps, in France than in any other country, rendered Madame the most irresistible of women, and, as Saint-Beuve says, the most touching of princesses. The King, who at sixteen had refused to dance with the thin and not especially attractive child of eleven, because, as he explained to his mamma, he did not care for little girls, took himself to task later for not realizing, before she became his brother's fiancee, that Henriette, was the most beautiful woman in the world.

At the time that Louise de la Valliere entered her household, Madame Henriette was enjoying her hour of triumph. The King, who had been slow in discovering her charms, was at her feet. The death of Mazarin, the misery, had given Louis a freedom in his own court that he had never before known. Entertainment followed entertainment, all given in honor of the English bride, his own Spanish bride having been relegated to the background of this gay court, from which she was never destined to emerge. There were expeditions on land by day, water parties on the lake by the light of the moon, and promenades in the woods by night. Madame delighted to bathe in the Seine, accordingly parties were arranged for her pleasure, the ladies driving to the river and returning on horseback in elaborate costumes, with wonderful plumes in their hats, to an *as feste déjeuner* in the park.

A theatre was erected in the grounds, and Lully was installed as superintendent of the royal music. Among other entertainments a *Ballet des Suisses* was given,

in which the King, in a gorgeous costume, represented Sprung, dancing with his usual grace and skill, while Madame, in a gown of shining tissue, delicate as a butterfly's wing, led her troupe of Baccantes, Louise de la Valliere among them.

It was after one of these entertainments, which were sometimes followed by rambles in the Park, lasting until two or three o'clock in the morning, that the scene under the Royal Oak took place, which Dumas has so ingeniously woven into his romance of La Valliere. You remember that the three maids of house of Madame, Montelais, Athénais, and Louise, were grouped together under the famous oak in the forest of Fontainebleau, which had witnessed the sighs for love or glory of the great Henry and many another monarch. The conversation of the three girls on life and love sounds trite and commonplace as we read the story, and yet in the light of the events that followed in quick succession, the sentimental platitude of the innocent child, La Valliere, and the worldly aphorisms of the ambitious Athénais, afterwards Mme. de Montespan, gain both dignity and pathos. That Louise, the timid and gentle, should express herself so warmly upon her admiration for the King, reveals the fact that the handsome young sovereign had already made an impression upon her sensitive heart.

When she exclaimed with fervor, "Have you ever seen any one to be compared with the King?" even the bold Athénais was surprised at the frankness of the little Blaiseuse. A still greater surprise was in store for the Three Graces under the Royal Oak, when a rustling was heard in the undergrowth of the adjoining Quercace, and with cries of "A wolf or a wild boar!" they all scampered away as fast as their feet could carry them to safe and sure shelter of Madame's apartments, to learn later, to their dismay, that the rustling in the bushes had been caused, not by a wolf or a wild boar, but by the King himself, who was sauntering through the Park with M. de Saint-Aignan.

Whether or not Louise ever thus openly expressed her admiration for the King, one may readily believe that any impression made upon the girl's imagination would be deepened and strengthened in these days when the court life at Fontaine-

bleau is described as a delirium of ambition, pleasure, and love. Court gossip had begun to sharpen their tongues upon the attentions of the King to his sister-in-law. Philippe was jealous, and the quick-witted Henriette, who cared little for Louise, but greatly enjoyed her position as queen of the hour, devised a plot which involved several of the maids of honor. So infamous was this plot of Madame's that one wonders that a woman, to whom kindness of heart has been attributed, could have countenanced a scheme so cruel. "In order to bide his own game," said Saint-Beuve, "the King was to pay make-believe attention to several of Madame's maids-of-honor. The three selected were Mademoiselle de Pons, Mademoiselle de Chamerault, and Mademoiselle de la Vallière. It soon appeared that the latter was the one whom the King preferred to seem to be in love with. The plot soon thickened quite beyond Madame's anticipations, the make-believe attentions became real, the other maids-of-honor were quite neglected, Madame herself was forgotten, and while trying to dazzle the eyes of the public Louise himself was bewildered, and soon found himself seriously in love with La Vallière, at least, as seriously in love as it was in his nature to be. And Louise was then and ever after deeply, hopelessly, in love with the King.

Is it strange that this innocent girl, little more than a child in years and experience, with many to flatter to criticize, but none to counsel or protect, should have fallen into the trap that was laid for her unwary feet? From her quiet village home she was suddenly, as Madame's *dame d'honneur*, introduced to a new world, in which the King, young, handsome, and possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of his age, was the central figure. Before she had time to become accustomed to the life around her, the greatest temptation that could be offered to a Frenchwoman of that day was presented to her. This monarch, the *Roi Soleil* to his adoring satellites, was at her feet, telling her that he loved her, and her only, little Louise de la Vallière, whom the haughty court dames had looked down upon as insignificant, lacking in grace and even in beauty. It was only a few short days since water parties, ballets, and fêtes had been given in Madame's honor. The gay-

ety continued, but Henriette was no longer the inspiration of these festivities, which were planned for other *beaux* years, whose she did not know. Louise was so modest and retiring, so anxious to spare the Queen sorrow and pain, that it was some time before it transpired that the little Blaissone, whom Madame would not have condoned to look upon as a possible rival, was the reigning favorite.

In the midst of the scheming, love-making, jealousy and carousing, the King's second child, the little Princess Marianne, opened her eyes to the light of the world, only to close them again before the rejoicings at her birth were well over, even before the foreign Ambassadors who came to welcome her had reached Paris. The Queen was deeply grieved at the loss of her child, Louis wept copiously over the family affliction, but, being in greater need of distinction than before, we find him a few weeks later dancing gaily in a *Ballet des Arts* in company with Mlle de Mortmart, *la belle Athénaïs*; Mlle. de Sevigne, whom her fond mother called the "prettiest girl in France"; and Mlle. de la Vallière, who, despite her slight lameness, danced to perfection, her slim figure, of the lisseste slenderness that belongs to early youth, showing to great advantage in the figures of the *ettiles*.

You know the sad story far better than I do. The few short years of enchantment, when Louise lived in the delirium of love's young dream, yet was never really happy, never enjoying her honors as Duchesse de la Vallière, the royal favorite, because her conscience was ever awake and her tender heart filled with remorse for the sorrow she had caused the Queen. The brief years of enchantment were soon over, to be followed by disillusionment when the fickle heart of Louis succumbed to other charms, the final flight from Court, and the long years of repentance at the Carmelites.

Twice before Louise had taken refuge in the convent. The first time she sought to fly from her passion and herself, to be brought back to court by the adoring King. The second flight was when Louis began to transfer his attentions to Madame de Montespan, and finally, at thirty, she retired to Châllet to expiate whatever sins she had committed, by



She used her charm . . . to a certain grace, modesty and tenderness in bearing.

thirty-six long years of prayer and penitence.

The festivities and intrigues of Fontainebleau and Versailles may seem a far cry from this old chateau of Blois, but, standing this afternoon in the rooms that had echoed to the light footsteps of Louise de la Valliere in the days of her youth and innocence, distance and the centuries between that day and this seem to fall away, and we pictured to ourselves the court of honor and *salle de réception* as they appeared on the night of the arrival of the court at Blois. The fast-fading light lent a semblance of reality to the scene, as the torches and candles used in those early days could not have brilliantly lighted the vast hall. We see the chairs placed in a half-circle for the accommodation of the royal guests, the King's not an inch higher than that of Mazarin, or of the Queen, Anne of Austria. The astute Italian Prime Minister is seated, his body bent, his face pallid, the hand of Death is already laid heavily upon him; but his mind is as keen and alert as in youth, his eyes as penetrating. The courtiers are grouped around Massarin, the real king. Gaston, the indolent father of an energetic and courageous daughter, is talking to him, and chroniclers of the day

tell us that the Duke of Orleans was an admirable resource. The *Grande Mademoiselle*, now over thirty and in the full flower of a beauty which, according to Petiot's miniature and her own rose-colored descriptions, was not inconsiderable, is in another group at one side of the hall, with her half-sisters and the other young girls of the house, among them Louise de la Valliere, whom Madame de Sevigne likened later to a modest violet hiding beneath its leaves; but not so successfully concealed as to evade the eyes of royalty.

In strong contrast to this scene is another and later picture in a far different setting, in the dim, religious light of a convent, where a woman still young, and in the full maturity of her beauty, is taking the veil, which is held for her, by the former royal favorite, by Queen Maria Teresa, the neglected wife of Louis.

Although some chroniclers tell us that the King's eyes were red with weeping all the day before, he probably went a-hunting the same day, after pheasants or whatever game was in season, amid the flatteries and acclamations of his courtiers—so short-lived was the memory of a king whose only law was his own pleasure; so long and deep was the remorse of a woman more sinned against than sinning!

HER HEART

I am so proud it matters not
That he has gone away;
His pleasantness I have forgot—
That was of yesterday.
No pain or grief my spirit wrings;
Of coming joy my glad heart sings.

Why should I mourn a vanished swain
With likely lads in plenty,
Or strive one lost love to regain
When new loves number twenty?
Of true friends I have no lack.
Yet—God in Heaven, bring him back!
—By Ethel Colson.



Looking inland; daisies grow over the ruin.

Louisburg: A Neglected Shrine

By

Robert Randolph Johnson

LOUISBURG sleeps to-day beneath the rains of her former glory. And what glory was hers! A hundred and fifty years ago she was a great theatre of war, a fortress shielded by France and coveted by Great Britain. She held the imaginary key to the St. Lawrence and while she glories in her first purpose of defense, siege and subjection were her sure destiny.

But what is Louisburg to-day? A colossal ruin, a neglected shrine of British ascendancy in the new world. To read her history and then to visit her resting-

place on the bleak Cape Breton coast, is to have one's imagination of a romantic period rudely converted into a realization of what it means when swords give place to coal scopes, when frame shacks succeed stone fortifications, when fishing sloops replace armed frigates, when lowing kine crop grass where once the earth trembled with the march of fighting men.

I first came upon the site of this old fortress one warm morning in August. The road over from the new town was unsheltered from the sun, and the rising dust had left my throat parched and dry. And



Sally ports: fishing sloops and the harbor of Louisburg in the background.

now as I made the gradual ascent of the stairs, and confronted the full glory of the sunlight, I saw an old man, the only person I had yet seen in the place, walk slowly across a small plot of land and enter a house from behind. The house faced the road, which starts at the new town and ends at the sea. In the front windows of this house reposed some articles that indicated a place of trade—a few pieces of crockery, some bars of soap, and an assortment of cheap candy. The door was open, and as I passed before it, a breeze from the sea came through and fell refreshingly upon my brow while I stood with bared head in the shadow. Grass grew all about, and therefore I presumed that the sound of my footfall had not alarmed the inmates. At all events, I arrived in high time, for there upon the floor at the very brink of a cellarway struggled the old man and a youth in the important act of lowering a full barrel down into subterranean depths. As my form darkened the doorway, they both turned quickly and regarded me with marked astonishment and some embarrassment.

"I hadn't traveled through Nova Scotia without knowing that in most localities the sale of liquor was prohibited, nor had I failed to witness other means than this of evading the law. But here was an unexpected revelation.

"Good morning, gentlemen," I said with some confidence, letting them know at once that I took them to be gentlemen. The barrel stood perilously near the edge of the trap, so the old man rolled it back against the wall before he replied, with a fine rich Irish accent and a tone full of good humor:

"Ah, good morning, sor. Ye're a stranger about Louisburg?"

"I am," I replied, "and a very thirsty one at that."

The old man sat down on the barrel, and the youth had an expression of some uncertainty.

"It's a terrible dry time," said the old man, eyeing me closely, "and if ye can't go that kind of soft stuff there, we've nothing else but this vinegar, and that's the truth. The Act's agin' us here, ye know—the Act. Oeh, divil's the bit av any-



Site of the old fort: Louisburg in the distance.

thing worth swallowing will ye get this side av Halifax."

An old rusty cannon ball lay as a weight to keep the door open. Catching my eye upon it, the old man hoped to change the subject of conversation.

"Now, there's a relic worth whiele," he began. "Ye'd never think that ball was French to look at it, now would ye?"

I admitted that I wouldn't.

"It was dug up one day in a post-hole. Och, many's the thing we've run across, but they're scarce now, and that's the truth."

"And what's this?" I asked, picking up an object that looked like a black goblet.

"That's a wine-glass. It was found at the bottom of an old well, just over yonder."

"They were great people for the drink in these days," I ventured, by way of restoring the conversation.

"They were; they were," replied the old man, and he tried to change the course again by reverting to the cannon-ball.

"Do you know," I interrupted, "I have a notion I'd like to take a drink out of this glass. I would be a novelty to take a

drink from a glass that was used by French soldiers of this very scene 150 years ago."

"Faith, and ye're right, it would that. But suppose, now, that a ball as big as that was to—"

"This glass would hold quite a good-sized horn," I interrupted. "I think I'll try the vinegar, after all. A little with some water wouldn't hurt us."

"Now, remember," said the old man, as he motioned to the youth to help him draw the liquor, "this is the best vinegar in Nova Scotia, and that's the truth. If I didn't take ye far for an honest man, divil the hit we is would ye get."

He then produced some glasses worthy of so excellent a brew, and on my invitation, the two of them joined me in a cooling draught.

Here I had unwittingly encountered the local historian, a fine type of Irishman, whose knowledge of the place and its past was excelled only by his natural garrulity and enthusiasm. He accompanied me round the ruins, and endeavored to make clear to my dazed perception the construction of the fort and the plan of attack that finally overcame it.



Where the seas race in and break upon the coast near Louisburg.

We stood on the grass-grown top of what had been undoubtedly a bomb-proof place of refuge for women and children during a siege. In front of us were the ruins of a former sally port, propped up by beams to prevent the ravages of time from completing the work of destruction that Pitt's men performed after Louisburg was abandoned as the key to the St. Lawrence. A black calf stood knee-deep in daisies, and even in August, children were picking wild berries on the sunny slope of the hill. White houses dotted the farther shore of the bay, and the soft sound of church bells came to us across the harbor. On one side rose the monument to Pepperrell, the New England merchant, and "Our Heroic Dead," who first captured the fort; and, a little farther on, the hillside glistened with black-eyed Susans. On the other hand, down near the harborside, a man moved about amongst his lobster traps, while behind, back of all else, be-

yond the bog and the marsh, rose the drear rocks of the headland, the same rocks against which for centuries the Atlantic has beaten in vain. From waves dashing against rocks spray rose high in the air, and the booming was a pleasant sound to hear. One looked out upon the sea, knowing that if one embarked thereon no land would be encountered on the one hand until after the "picking up" of the Irish lights, or, on the other hand, until after sighting the African coast. But to-day that is merely a pleasure cruise for ocean greyhounds. Not so in the heyday of Louisburg. The soldiers and the mariners who fought there then looked back upon a voyage of several weeks' duration, and recalled with longing the days of childhood spent upon Normandy uplands or Shropshire downs. What a contrast, this bleak Cape Breton coast! And bleak as it was then, bleaker it stands to-day—fascinating in its very bleakness, enchanting in the constant yet futile foaming of its waves



A desolate stretch of shore.

against the black upstanding bulk of the impregnable shore.

As we stood there in so suggestive an environment, I tried, with the old Irishman's assistance, to compose a picture of what the place was like about the time that Wolfe breached it with ships of His Majesty's line. It was a city then, an important shipping port for all Acadia, as well as a fortress. Now it is scarcely a fishing village. Then, there were wharves, warehouses and magaziniers thronging with the spirit of trade. Now there is, except at the new town, no more than moorings for a dinghy. The ground that once trembled beneath the march of armies, now supports the humble fisher-farmer, and its dust is seldom disturbed except by the occasional tourist or historian who chances to go that way.

I could not help wondering what Pitt would think of it if he were still alive to see. I asked my companion, but, somehow or other, he had missed Pitt in his appreciation of the final downfall. Pitt had been too far away from the actual

scene of conflict. Irishmen pick out the man with sword in hand and the grimace of battle in face. But we cannot overlook Pitt when we look over the ruins of Louisburg. For Pitt was the driving force behind the British arms. It was the indomitable, ambitious personality of Pitt that inspired Wolfe to the conquest. It was Pitt's unquenchable thirst for glory that provided Clive with the means of establishing British supremacy in India; and it is to Pitt that can be traced Hawke's dauntless courage against the French fleet amongst the rocks of the Brittany coast.

So that, as we stand upon the ruins at Louisburg, lauding Pepperrell and praising Wolfe, we must not forget the British Minister of War, the one man in all England who had the sedacity to drive the national arms from victory to victory—in Asia, in Europe, and in America. And what did Louisburg mean to Pitt? Louisburg was the stronghold of the French in North America. Louisburg was the storm centre of western politics. Louisburg was



The ruins are now fenced off for pastures.

the place that commanded the Coast of Acadia and guarded the entrance to all the vast domain beyond the setting of the sun. Louisburg was the first obstacle to British sovereignty in the new world. It had been built at immense cost by France, and by France it was maintained as the mustering point of her fleet in the west, as a fortress for her soldiers and a depot for her munitions of war. Its overthrow, therefore, gave Wolfe an open way to Quebec, without fear of harassing attacks from behind.

My aged companion had a great admiration for Pepperrell, and he took pains to see that I read the inscriptions on the four tablets, which set forth that the monument was erected to "Commemorate the capture of Louisburg, A.D. 1745. Erected by the Society of Colonial Wars, A.D. 1896," and gave an account of the forces that took part in the struggle.

Turning our backs upon the ruins, and our faces towards the sea, I listened to the old man's account of the last stage. I tried to imagine the spectacle of the Bri-

ish fleet riding out yonder where sky and sea seemed to meet. At best, details are tedious things, and the old man was full of them. He pointed out the spot where this or that attack had been made, and once or twice he began to deliver a sermon. He knew how many men Pepperrell had mustered. He knew the strength of the British fleet under Commodore Warren, and how many rounds of arms Wolfe had brought against the place a few years later. He knew the nature of the French defense. He knew how thick the walls had been, and he took me to a part of the ruins where he could prove his assertion. Of course, I had not contradicted him, but it is sometimes well to submit evidence when you have it. And they have good evidence of what Louisburg was. There are walls of masonry several feet thick, and you can walk into one or two clammy bomb-proof vaults over which to-day grass grows and wild flowers flourish.

We went back now towards the "store," where the harrel still stood against the



The lobster traps are the implements of modern industry.

wall, but on the way the old man took me through a gate into a plot of land where a fisher-farmer was exploring an old well for relics of the French regime. He had turned out a great quantity of mud and water, and almost every shovelful revealed a brass button, a bullet, a huckle, a wooden heel, a bit of table cutlery, a piece of broken porcelain, or perhaps the point of a bayonet. My companion expounded the merits of the assortiment, and shook his head with memory of the prodigal manner in which many much better relics than these had been disposed of and scattered abroad in the past.

We moved on into the store, and there was another exchange of compliments, with the harrel for reason. The old man found it difficult to come back to commonplace things after having lived again for my benefit in the days when real battles were fought. He feared that I would not give Pepperrell full credit for all that he had done for the British cause, and

if I had encouraged him he would have gone over the ground for a mile or two from the fort in order to trace Pepperrell's scheme of attack by land, which succeeded in forcing the city to capitulate. But I hadn't much interest left for particulars, and I was satisfied with the assurance that Pepperrell had broken the ice for Wolfe.

Standing in the doorway of the store, I could see across the harbor to the new town, where a coal freighter was loading at the wharves. I fancied I could hear the noise of the swinging crane, bat it was merely fancy, for the place knows no sounds now save the soft tinkling of cowbells and the softer swishing of the sea.

The old man rolled the cannon-ball away from the door, and I passed out. As I did so I heard the youth raise the cellar door. I knew then that the harrel would go below.

Unheeded, I passed down the dusty road, and presently turned aside to follow



The memorial monument in memory of the capture of Louisburg in 1745.

more intimately the deviating margin of the shore. Bleached encrustations of sea urchins crumbled beneath my feet, and the bleached bones of small creatures of the sea broke the sequence of my thoughts. But, on seeking an eminence and turning round upon the scene I had so recently quitted, it was restored again, so that I came away at last with a mental picture of several acres of land rising as mound after mound, grass-covered until the high-

est point is reached, near where the memorial monument stands, beyond which for a quarter-mile between it and the rocks of the coast lie the bog and the morass. Were it not for an outreaking here and there, and especially for the visible masonry of the salty parts and the bomb-proof walls, one would scarcely realize that beneath the grass and the daisies crumble the stones and the mortar that are the tangible evidence of a romantic period in Canadian history.



Snippy!

By

William Banks Jr.

IT started with the cornet soloist in a vaudeville show. The fellow could play, no doubt about that. When in response to repeated encores he once more stood at the front of the stage, "Snippy" Halton, sitting in "the gods," shouted, for reasons he was never clearly able to explain to himself, "Come Back to Erin," and the cornet soloist nodded his head, smiled and played the air. "Snippy" leaning forward, listened with breathless interest, cold shivers running up and down his spine; his big rough hands were clenched tightly and his lips slightly parted. Tis one bright spot of his stormy boyhood was the recollection of his sister Kate singing "Come Back to Erin," though it was mingled with painful memories of the thrashings she had given him when his mother was too busy to attend to that duty, or, as sometimes happened when he had rested, needed assistance in its carrying out. His father, who was seldom home, had beaten him often enough too, usually without cause or reason. "Snippy" had almost forgotten that his full name was John Marmaduke Halton. He had left home as soon as he felt himself old enough to shift, and now at the age of twenty-two he was earning good wages in the freight department of a big store.

"Snippy," so nicknamed because of his habit of cutting off questions regarding his antecedents and upbringing with few and harsh words and with many blows, had wandered into the show to pass part of Christmas Eve. His stuffy room in a big boarding-house did not appeal to him that night. He went away from the

"show" feeling as near lonely as a man of his prize-fighting physique could admit, even to himself. He walked slowly down the main street, whistling "Come Back to Erin" under his breath. Many of the stores were still open. Crowds of people were flocking into them, almost fighting with the parcel-laden outgoing crowds in their desire to obtain admittance. But the man turned into one of the quieter cross-streets and halted near a "mission wagon."

From the steps of the wagon a grey-bearded man was telling the story of the Prodigal Son. "Snippy" stopped his whistling and listened, smiling cynically at first, but presently with alert mind and real interest. Twice a strange idea flashed across his mind, and twice he repressed it. The third time he allowed it to stay.

"Gee," he said to himself, "I ain't much of a Prodigal, I guess. Fancy my Dad falling on my neck and kissing me Gee!" He laughed at the thought, but even as he laughed he turned from the quieter thoroughfare back to the main street and fought his way into a store from which he emerged half an hour later with a bulky parcel in each hand. He had made a resolution. Walking quickly, for the parcels were no handfuls to him, he made his way toward the part of the city in which his parents lived, according to the latest information he had of them.

It was not an attractive section. Yet to-night it had an air of brightness and festivity lacking on every other night of the year. "Christmas Eve seems to kinder brighten it up," said "Snippy," and he

said it aloud, though he had not meant to do so.

One of two men who were passing him at the moment stepped in front of him. "Who'd yer think yer talking to," he demanded jeeringly, and at the same moment the other knocked "Snippy's" hat off. Both men laughed as "Snippy" carefully deposited his parcels on the sidewalk. One of them kicked at a parcel, but failed in his attempt because one of "Snippy's" fists landed squarely between his eyes. With a cry of anger the other man rushed after "Snippy," but a blow on the jaw stayed him for a moment. Then together the men made a determined attack, and a hot but brief struggle followed. "Snippy" had no particular ill-feeling against the men; they furnished him with a short period of occupation in one of his favorite amusements, and as he left them consoling each other on a convenient doorstep he wished them a "Merry Christmas!" sarcastically.

"Sav," drawled one of them, "who are you anyways?"

"Me?" answered "Snippy" politely. "Why I'm a Prodigal Son."

"A what? Lord, is that the Prodigal Son?" but the rest of the sentence was lost on "Snippy" who was hurrying on, the parcels in his hands.

"Maybe I don't get the right hang of this Prodigal Son business," said "Snippy" to himself, as he halted at the door of the cottage which he believed to be the domicile of his parents, "but I'll try it as far as I can."

Lights were glimmering faintly through the blinds of the cottage, a maddening voice was chanting "Drill ye Tarrises, drill!" and it did not cease as "Snippy" knocked sharply on the door. It was opened by a woman, his mother.

"What d'yer want?" she asked in a monotonous voice.

"Merry Christmas, Ma," said "Snippy," and accompanied by the parcels he stepped inside and made his way into the room that served the family as parlor, sitting room and dining room. His father sat by the table, a bottle of whiskey within easy reach. It was he who was singing "Drill ye Tarrises."

"Hello, Dad!" said "Snippy" pleasantly.

The man looked at him stupidly and went on singing.

"Snippy's" mother, who had followed him into the room, stood gazing at him wonderingly. "Why it's—it's—Johnny!" she stammered.

"Sure. But most folks call me 'Snippy' now, Ma, and honest I've nearly forgotten my real name."

"Hello, Kate," to his sister, she who had so often sung "Come Back to Erin." Kate sniffed contemptuously. She was sitting on a sofa, and beside her was a young man with a nasty mouth and crafty eyes.

"Snippy" eyed him sternly. "You here?" he said, and then to his sister, "This guy a friend of yours?"

She sniffed again, and turned to the young man with the remark, "My brother—we ain't seen him for years."

"We don't need any introduction, Kate," said "Snippy" quietly, "I know that crook."

"What!" cried Kate.

"Croak is what I said Kate, and he's the worst kind of a—"

The young man rose swiftly, his face alight, his eyes glaring. "Snippy" met him with a joyous "Ah" gripped him viciously by the neck, shook him savagely, despite Kate's attempted interference, and dragged him to the door whence he flung him into the street with the injunction, "Come back here again, and I'll kill you."

Once more he entered the room. His sister was crying. His mother, white and trembling, was standing by her husband, who was still chanting, but more feebly, "Drill ye tarrises, drill."

"He ain't worth crying over, Sis," said "Snippy," calmly, "but even so, I guess it won't hurt you to cry some."

Then to his father, "Stop that, you."

The man reached for the whiskey bottle, but "Snippy" was quicker. He lifted the bottle from the table and held it up to the light. "Um!" he said, "there's enough there to make him fighting drunk if he gets it—but he won't. Mother!" sharply, "Toss it into the street. Throw it hard. This is where Dad quits the house game."

The woman took the bottle from "Snippy," and started toward the door, her husband tried to stop her, but as he staggered from his chair, "Snippy"

took him by his shoulders and forced him back again. "You make another move, Dad, and I'll kick you and lick you good. Throw that stuff away, Ma!" And the woman obeyed.

"Now," said "Snippy" to the thoroughly scared group, "where's Joey and Belle?"

"In bed," said his mother timidly.

"Is Joey big enough to work?"

"Yes, Johnny, he —"

"Snippy, Ma, if y'please."

"Yes, 'Snippy,' but nobody'll have him count of —"

"I needn't say any more, Ma. I can get him a job day after Christmas. I'll see that he gets a chance. What about Dad?"

"He was fired to-day."

"Well, that ain't nothing new for him. Getting fired's about the steadiest work he ever done 'far as I know. I'll look after him, too."

He paused a moment, and then went on quietly. "There's a present for every one of you in them parcels; a duck and oranges and a plum pudding. It's up to you, Ma, and Kate to get a decent dinner ready to-morrow. This family—" he stammered and muttered and then stood silent.

"What does it mean, Johnny?" "Snippy?" said his mother.

"Well," began "Snippy," with a sudden timidity, "there was a fellow in the show. He played a song and—and—there was a man on the street preaching. He told a story about—a Prodigal Son. I ain't rightly got the lay-out. Seems to me his folks was glad to have him back," he looked at his father now, "but as far's

I could make out he'd always had a square deal from the first, 'long as he was home, and—well," haltingly, "I just guess I'm a kind of a Prodigal Son, Ma."

"You—you," she whispered—"you a Prodigal Son! Why it's a Bible story, and it was different, so different. When I was a girl," the tears were rolling down her cheeks now, "and went to Sunday School we used to have lessons on that story. But it was different, different, you—you—Oh, Johnny, if, if —"

He interrupted her gently. "Say, Ma," he said, with an attempt to smile, "I guess I'm a pretty runny Prodigal Son. Maybe you'll have been better to all of us youngsters if Dad had given you a chance. But let's cut out all that's gone before, and start over. I'm willing to try it. Melbe we could do something with Dad and —"

A boy and a girl in ragged nightclothes came into the room, and "Snippy" grasped them to him.

"You Joey and you Belle, Merry Christmas! I guess it's Christmas Day now. Scoot back to your beds quick. There'll be something good for you both to-morrow." He chuckled as the youngsters backed hastily away. Then he looked almost hopelessly around the ill-furnished and dirty room, saying to himself, but not so low that his mother did not hear him, "This Prodigal Son's tackled a pretty tough job too, but he'll win out, or somebody'll know the reason why."

He turned to his mother. "Ma" he said, smiling, "I guess you can call me 'Johnny', if you want to. 'Snippy' don't sound just right for a Prodigal Son."



THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Crossing the Races

WE in Canada, and the Americans have at least one national problem in common: the question of Racial Assimilation. This question is even more complicated in Canada than in the United States on account of the French-Canadian Roman Catholic element and the English-speaking Protestant element. The presence of still other races than these two fundamental sorts adds to the problem.

Dr. J. G. Wilson, of New York, has made a study of the question as it affects the United States. He has written about the scientific side of this problem in *The Popular Science Monthly*, and we reproduce his article herewith. It is an extensive treatment of the subject but it is worth the pains. Every Canadian should be interested to know whether the crossing of so many breeds may tend to produce a good race, a strong heroic race, or a bad race.

This question, says Dr. Wilson, is almost as old as the race itself. For, not only the earliest traditions, but also the most ancient relies bear witness to the fact that extensive intermarriages of races had been brought about through commerce and war long before history had begun to unravel the tangled skein of man's wanderings.

The crossing between different tribes, which was commenced in prehistoric times, has been continued into our own era with ever increasing speed and complexity of results. For man has always

been a migratory animal, and the improved changes in means of transportation and the ever-widening fields of commerce have increased rather than diminished this inherent tendency.

Looking over the world at large, and throughout all time, we see that the results of racial intermarriage have been exceedingly variable. Sometimes it has produced a better race. This is especially true when the crossing has been between different but closely allied stocks. The Englishman who has resulted from the commingling of so many Teutonic tribes with the native Briton and Celt, and the composite molded and directed by Roman culture, is perhaps the very best example of a good result from extensive crossing. Likewise the cross which has taken place in Ecuador, Mexico and Peru has produced a race not altogether hopeless so far as the future is concerned; for, however much it may have hurt the Spaniard, it certainly has improved the Indian immensely. It is not so much a question of the possibility of producing a vigorous cross race under favorable conditions, as it is a question of whether such a cross is, in itself, a desirable thing.

There are those who profess to believe that the incoming hordes of southern Europeans and the Alpine races will never mix their blood with us to any appreciable extent, and will always remain foreign to us as well as in ideals. Judged in the light of history, such an opinion is without firm foundation. It is not conceivable

that the modern Greek, who is himself such a mixture of Serbo-Slovenian, Slav and ancient Greek stock, can have any irrevocably inherent tendencies which will prevent him from eventually mating with our own people if given the opportunity. The German will marry any woman of any white race. The Italian will do the same. The Alpine races have intermarried to the north and south of them until their mental traits shade off almost imperceptibly into those of the German and Italian. As a general rule, marriage between different branches of the white races is not governed by laws essentially different from those governing individuals of the same bench. It is chiefly a question of proximity of the sexes and the lapse of sufficient time to make the mutual desires mutually understood.

The vital question is, whether this inevitable amalgamation is worth the fostering care and regulation of our government. The answer to this question depends altogether upon what will be the results of this immigrant blood upon our own individual selves and upon our social and political institutions.

In regard to the influence upon the individual physical type, we often hear it said that we are becoming a smaller and a darker race; that our average stature is less than it used to be, and that we are becoming dark eyed and dark haired, instead of the race of tall blonde we once were; and there is a tendency to blame the immigration of the last half century for this alleged change in physical characteristics. If such a change is taking place, it should be attributed to the influence of our climate rather than to the effect of blood admixture. The stature and complexion of a people seem to be determined, in the long run, more by the locality and climate in which they live than by any other influences, although it takes many generations for that physical type to be finally evolved which is best fitted to the climatic conditions of its particular locality. Once evolved, the type remains fairly constant for the given region. Judging the future by the past, we should not expect the tall blondes of northwestern Europe to permanently survive in the United States. There is scarcely a trace of the physical traits of the conquering northern hordes left upon the

general mass of the population of Italy or the Alpine regions of Europe. The colony of Swedes which settled along the Delaware in our own country have entirely disappeared. The Scandinavians, according to Dr. Karlson, who has made the subject a matter of special study, rapidly deteriorate, physically and mentally, under the changed climatic conditions which he encounters in his new home in the northwest of our own country, and no less an authority than Woodruff, believes that he will soon die out in the United States unless active measures are taken to offset the baneful influences of a climate to which he is temperamentally and physically unsuited.

In evolving the type of man physically fitted to best survive in a given locality, nature seems to work according to some mysterious laws entirely beyond human control. This is exemplified in the population of modern Egypt, where the mass of the people as represented by the villagers along the Nile and in the country districts, conforms almost exactly in physical appearance to the colored portraits of the ancient Egyptians on the walls of the tombs of the kings of Thebes. In other words, 4,000 years of changing religions, ever-shifting political conditions, and the inroads of commerce and war with their continual introduction of alien blood have not served to materially alter the physical type, which, during the countless ages of prehistoric time, had been gradually evolved as best adapted to the climatic conditions of the valley of the Nile. It may then be concluded that the influence of immigration upon our physical type will, in the long run, be nil. That type of man best adapted physically to the climate and soil will, in the point of numbers, eventually predominate in spite of all restrictive legislation or man-made laws of any kind.

When we come to consider the question of the influence of racial amalgamation upon our habits of thought, upon our morals, and upon our institutions—upon our spiritual selves, we are confronted with a much graver problem, and one over which we have at least some little power of control. This is really the serious problem which we have to solve, for, after all, it is not so much difference of blood relations that produces enmity among the component people of a nation, as it is the

difference of political and social ideals, and history is replete with instances where nations have lost their own peculiar form of civilization and political institutions on account of overwhelming alien influence. That the influence of the alien in the United States is enormous, and that it is becoming yearly more and more important, is an almost self-evident proposition.

In order to arrive at a fairly intelligent opinion as to whether or not this influx of foreign thought and social habit will ever change sufficiently to conform to our own standards, we should study the history of the nations from which it comes, and where ideals it has already helped to form. Is there anything in the past history of the countries from which our immigrants are now being chiefly recruited to justify the belief that they will eventually sympathize with our political institutions, and with those Anglo-Saxon habits of thought which we must insist upon as necessary to good citizenship in a great republic? A brief study of the leading alien type will demonstrate the principle upon which the research necessary to answer this question should be conducted.

Let us first consider the case of the Italian. Here we may be tempted to at once pass an unfavorable opinion on the ground that he is, by virtue of previous training and habits of thought, at entire variance with republican ideals. Such a judgment will be hasty and hardly warranted by the premises. When we remember what the Italian has accomplished for himself at home since 1820, when the first real agitation for a free and united Italy may have been said to have commenced, it should encourage us in the belief that he is capable of sustained and intelligent efforts for the common good.

Whereas Italy was once a conglomeration of petty states and absolute monarchies, torn by warring factions, and her people steeped in universal illiteracy, she now, through her own efforts, under the intelligent leadership of children of her own soil, has become a constitutional monarchy with the real power legally invested in the people where it by right belongs. Through his prime minister, the king is responsible to the chamber of deputies, which corresponds to our lower house, and are elected by the people at large.

The state is probably as truly representative as our own, being elected by the king from the ranks of the ex-deputies, the nobility, large taxpayers and representative men of affairs.

When we consider that for fifty years preceding her final unification and freedom Italy was in an almost constant turmoil of political agitation and war, it is remarkable what advances her people have made in the thirty-nine years since the accomplishment of her great ambition. Although she still ranks high among the illiterate, she has taken great strides to overcome that evil. An education law compelling the attendance at school between the ages of six and nine, and the teaching of illiterate soldiers, although they may not as yet have accomplished great things, show that her heart is right, and that time will fast remedy the evils which the exigencies of her struggle have practically forced upon her.

The study of the Italian in the Argentine ought to give us an inkling of his possibilities when given an opportunity. This republic is modeled on lines almost exactly after our own, and all things considered, should rank as a successful experiment in self-government. Its people are happy. It enjoys a high degree of culture. Its cities are modern and well governed, and its commerce is ever increasing in dignity and volume. Now, relative to its whole population, Argentina has the largest number of Italian immigrants of any country in the world. In 1895 the total population was about 4,000,000, and one third of this was foreign born. Of this foreign born population 500,000 were Italians. This enormous Italian influence still holds its own, for since 1895 it has kept up almost constantly, and for the whole period of time elapsed since she became a republic in 1853 nearly half her foreign born population has been contributed by Italy.

We should not allow the evil deeds of certain bands of outlaws, and the criminal tendencies of certain of the lower classes to blind our vision to the great things accomplished by the Italian as a nation. Viewed in the light of her past history and her rapid advances of the present day, she promises well, and it is a fair prophecy that in our own country the future citizen of Italian forebears will only

be distinguished from the general average by means of his family name remaining as a sign to indicate his original ancestry.

The possibilities of the Slav, and his aptitude for conformity to the ideals of western civilization, can not be adequately treated without an exhaustive review of the history of the nations of eastern Europe. However, a short resume of Polish characteristics will suffice to give an idea of the type of the race and result which may be expected from the great wave of Slavic immigration now sweeping over us.

For the two hundred years succeeding the close of the fourteenth century, Poland was the leading power of eastern Europe. Her 20,000 square miles was the seat of what was, to all intents, a vast republic, for, though her elective king was responsible only to her nobility, this nobility was so large and so accessible and eager to maintain the political equality of all its own members, that the constitution, though it conferred rights only upon the privileged classes, carried out in reality the idea of almost unlimited freedom for the individuals of that class. Had this very numerous nobility of freedom born a still larger proportion to the total population, the self government of the nation would have been an accomplished fact, for the ideas of political reform and the extension of privileges to all classes were already beginning to make themselves felt when Poland was caught between the upper and nether millstones of foreign tyranny, and her national identity crushed out forever by the treachery of Prussia and the soldiers of the Russian throne. Since the last partition of Poland in 1795, her people have not been given the chance to exercise the capacity for self government which they had undoubtedly developed to a high point when overtaken by the series of misfortunes which resulted in the loss of national identity. There are many reasons to think that this capacity is not wholly dead, but only lies dormant, awaiting the propitious changes of fortune. At the same time it must be conceded that the Pole possesses, in common with all Slavs, a peculiar combination of eastern and western ideals that makes his fitting into an Anglo-Saxon civilization a problem of great complexity. For, while he loves political freedom almost to the point of insanity, he is easily caught by the glitter and pomp of a throne. Considering by nature, the mere promise of the unscrupulous Napoleon was sufficient to make him offer up his life upon many a bloody battlefield.

As the Poles are, individually, poor business men, easily imposed upon by the commercially minded Hebrew, to whom the generosity of a political asylum was time and again extended when he was driven and harried from almost every other country in Europe, so are they, in the aggregate, poor political economists, and have thus always been worsted in the fields of diplomacy as well as in trade. Whereas they possess the greatest intellectual gifts, being almost universal linguists, and contributing great names to literature and science, they are apt to be versatile rather than profound, and are prone to waste their efforts in unspectacular fields of endeavor. Through courteous and brave, their love of individual freedom is sometimes carried to the point of anarchy, and when guided by unscrupulous leaders this tendency often shows itself in riotous uprisings which are entirely out of proportion to the grievances against which they are directed. However, the Slav has one redeeming feature which, if properly utilized, might, in time, offset these undesirable characteristics. This feature might properly be called his great willingness to learn new things. He is not clannish. He has no innate deep-grounded instinct against getting acquainted. Naturally diffident and retiring on account of long centuries of class distinction, he is not prone to make the first advances, and consequently, if left to himself, he will tend to congregate with his kind. But his children quickly make friends with ours, and the foreign parents never discourage this tendency. Considering the short time that he has been with us, and his ignorance of our language, he has shown a marked tendency to amalgamate, and so long as we allow him to come at all, we should encourage this tendency, for although very different from us in his natural habit of thoughts and intellectual gifts, these differences are not of a kind that tend to produce moral or intellectual deterioration, and from a physical standpoint he will add to, rather than subtract from, the efficiency of our race.

The Slav and the Hun have been associated together so long in Europe, and their immigration to this country has been, in each case, extended over practically the same period of time, that it is quite the natural thing to consider them both together when making a study of their special race characteristics and possibilities of amalgamation. However, it is more a community of interests and political institutions than it is a racial identity that makes us class them together and speak of the Slavish and Hungarian immigrant as practically of the same kind. In reality these two stocks are essentially different and have shown rather wide differences in their respective abilities to adopt the ways of western civilization. The true Hungarians or Magyars are a Mongolian or Turanian stock. They left their Asiatic home about 1,000 years ago and descended upon Europe as a barbarous horde that for fifty years struck terror into the hearts of the neighboring inhabitants of Germany and Italy. Finally the Germans conquered them and they were almost at once forced to accept the alternative of western civilization or racial extermination. They chose the former, and immediately they demonstrated a high degree of adaptability to democratic political institutions. They united with the other kingdoms of eastern Europe to stay the march of the Ottoman Turks, and come in for a full share of credit in the series of events which finally resulted in the naval battle of Lepanto in 1571, when the long struggle between the two opposing religions for the possession of Europe and the consequent mastery of the world was forever settled in favor of Christianity. Thus we see that the Hungarians not only adapted themselves to western ideals, conforming to the manners and customs and religion of the people about them, but they became the greatest active exponents of these ideals, and for over 500 years they were the main defence of Christian Europe against the Turkish tribes of Asia that followed closely in their footsteps.

Manifestly the western civilization thus upheld by the Asiatic Hungarian in eastern Europe is different in many ways from Anglo-Saxon or Germanic culture. Whereas a high degree of individual liberty has been the aim of both, the one has

succeeded in attaining its goal by making self-sacrifices and compromises for the common good, while the other has not yet attained complete freedom, largely because of a failure to understand the essential difference between liberty and license. In Hungary to-day we have a sad example of this seeming lack of ability to forget individual differences for the common good. In the eastern half of the monarchy, a Hungarian minority holds the non-Magyar races in just such political servitude as they themselves were subjected to before 1868, when the Prussian established the predominance of Germany in Austria. And yet, in all fairness, we must not too hastily assume that the Teutonic race has a monopoly of that political unselfishness which makes self-government possible.

The Pole might justly say that the rebellion of the barons and the Magna Charta, which they exacted from King John, and which we are inclined to consider the first great step in the establishment of political equality was, in reality, no different from the repudiation of nobles in their own land, for, in each case, the mass of the people were little better off than before, both being left in a condition of practical servitude. And the Hungarian might almost with equal truth say, that he is no more domineering over the non-Magyars in eastern Hungary than is the German minority over the Czechs in Bohemia, and the Poles in Galicia. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact remains that the Irishman at home has never been able to attain any higher degree of political equality than the Pole or Hungarian, yet the Irish descendants of the immigration of fifty years ago have absolutely amalgamated with us, and now conform to the highest type of American citizenship.

The final amalgamation of the Slav and Hun with our native stock is a foregone conclusion, but what the final effect will be depends largely upon the time taken to complete the alloy. Were it possible to so regulate the numbers of the new arrivals that they would never be in excess of the number of their children attending our public schools, the problem would easily adjust itself; for then we should always have more real Americans in the making than we have non-Americans in

reality. A study of the history of the Hun and Slav, and a careful analysis of their respective national characteristics, seem to warrant the conclusion that they are both amenable to the ways of western progress, and that we have more to fear from their great numbers than we have from any undesirable qualities inherent in themselves.

And now we come to consider the other type of immigrant which is making itself so strongly felt in our land and which, if we are to judge by the history of other nations, will continue to be an unsolved and vexatious problem long after the Pole and the Hun and Italian are forgotten. The Jew has been a source of worry and discomfort to every nation in which he has ever settled in any numbers, unless we except our own. Whether this is his own fault, or the fault of the people among whom he has cast his lot, is entirely beside the question. The point to be determined is, whether he will, or will not, in time, lose his racial identity and mix with the general population around him. Is there anything to warrant the conclusion that he has at last found his haven in this country, and being left free to practise his religion without persecution, will become one of us in every sense of the word, except in the matter of religious belief, which is, after all, a matter of no great importance so far as citizenship is concerned. Let us answer the question in the question in the particular instance by ascertaining how it has been solved, in the aggregate, during times already past, and then considering whether there are any essential differences in the conditions of the past and present. The first historical account of anti-Semitism occurs in the book of Esther, third chapter and eighth verse—"And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, there is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people of all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from those of every people, neither keep they the King's laws: therefore it is not for the King's profit to suffer them." We all know the sequel to this speech, and how the contemplated massacre and expulsion was averted by the wiles of the beautiful Esther. The story of this attempted expulsion of a whole race of people, almost at the dawn of history, would have no par-

ticular interest for us now had it not been the forerunner, so to speak, of like movements repeated with almost dreary monotony throughout all the centuries since. That anti-Semitism is not a modern movement, having its essential cause in the crucifixion of Christ, but was, on the contrary, a well-defined policy of many nations long before the question of Christianity arose as a complicating factor to confound the real issue, is a fact attested to by the Jewish historians themselves. We learn from Josephus that there were considerable Jewish colonies in all the eastern towns and among the various Greek possessions. They lived an exclusive life, mingling but little with the people, and having their own customs and laws which they refused to abandon at any price; although at after variance with those of the Greeks about them, the authorities were continually called upon to settle disputes arising between the Jews and the people among whom they settled. Thus, in the year 14 B.C., the Ephesians requested that the right of citizenship be taken from the Jews if they would not consent to join in the worship of Diana. Nicolas, of Damascus, plead the cause of the Jews and they won the suit. Now, among all the nations of antiquity the citizen was bound to be of the same religion as his city, but the profession of this religion called for very slight obligations as far as belief was concerned. In matters of faith, the Greek colonies were not at all exacting. It was this very selectism which the Jews seemed to hate and made him break with the world about him. The result was that he almost always asked that he be granted special privileges, and almost invariably got them. At the same time he was very careful to insist upon having his common rights, so the result was that he was almost universally hated throughout all the great cities, and was constantly compelled to seek a renewal of his privileges. Very much the same story is repeated in the Byzantine Empire, in Ostrogothic Italy, in Frankish and Burgundian Gaul and in Visigothic Spain. In all these countries the Jew was at first admitted without prejudice, and received on the grounds of political and social equality. In all these countries he subsequently became the object of hatred and persecution.

During the middle ages, when the Jew was truly a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and he scarcely knew which way to turn, he found safe haven in the Kingdom of Poland; in fact, for one hundred years after the charter of King Boleslaus in 1264, the Jews had the privilege of mixing freely with the Polish population, and even after the modification of the charter they were never wholly cut off from this privilege. Although Poland never actually persecuted them, and for a long period of time really treated them on an equality with her own people, they have never, as a body, taken any interest in any of the great political and national questions with which she has been so continuously agitated. The German colonist, settled long after the Jew, has lost every trace of his nationality but his name. The Stuarts and O'Rourke's, who sought refuge in the republic from a hostile government, have become as ingrained in the Polish community as the Pole himself, but the Jew is still a stranger.

In France, the Jews enjoyed equal privileges until long after Christianity became an active issue. In Spain they were first admitted on equal terms. The same in England. In all these countries they finally became disagreeable to the mass of the people and restrictive legislation was directed against them. As late as 1870 Germany experienced an active anti-semitic movement. When the cause of the modern anti-Jewish feeling is analyzed, it seems to have about the same basis that it had before the time of Christ. In both cases it has been at bottom essentially a question of manners. The Jew, as a class, is different from the people among whom he has settled, and he has insisted that he be given certain special privileges which serve to emphasize the difference rather than obliterate it. In other words, he is inherently obnoxious. Wherever this obnoxiousness has been forgotten and he has laid aside, or kept in the background, the customs and mannerisms which mark him as a peculiar person, he has been a welcome addition to the land of his adoption. However, he has refused to do this except in individual instances. As a class, he has, as a matter of principle, refused to intermarry with those of other religions.

This raises the question, How can a people amalgamate and fit into the general populace when they refuse to take the one step absolutely essential to complete amalgamation? Protestants of all denominations can intermarry and still maintain their standing in their respective churches. By the exercise of a few essentially trivial formalities, Protestant and Catholic can intermarry and both remain good Protestant and good Catholic, but let the Jew marry the Gentile and the Jew is at once branded by his co-religionists as a bad Jew.

Those of his race who have conformed to the apostolic injunction, when in Rome to do as the Romans do, have always been a credit to the land of their adoption. But the tendency to adaptation has, so far, been developed only on a small scale. There does not seem to be a general movement of sufficient momentum to encourage the belief that the Jew, forgetting his race and remembering only the essential principles of his religion, will finally arrive at the goal of complete racial amalgamation. True, there is a marked tendency among the adherents of reformed Judaism in the United States to bury the antiquated customs of the past and to become real Americans, but this reformed Judaism hardly has time to make itself felt before it is dealt a killing blow by the mere force of numbers in the opposite ranks. In other words, the old ideas from the ghettos of Europe are imported so rapidly that the new has but a poor chance to gain sufficient adherents to keep pace with, and finally outstrip, the old superstitions. And this thought brings us to the final conclusion of the whole matter, and that is, whatever the race of people from which the immigrant comes, the final result is not to be feared so long as he does not come in overwhelming numbers. If he trickles in slowly we shall take care of him. Let him be what he will when he comes, the amalgamation will finally be complete. On the other hand, if we continue to let him come in what is practically unlimited numbers, we cannot take care of him. He will take care of us. We shall lose our inherited Anglo-Saxon ideals, and instead of a perfect amalgamation, we shall confront the danger of a complete racial substitution.

Scientific Crime and Its Detection

ARTHUR B. REEVE, writing in *Popular Electricity* on the subject of Scientific Crime and its Detection, says: Necessity is the mother of invention, but there is no telling what invention may be the mother of. Many an invention, to the surprise of the inventor, has been employed by criminals to break the law until it almost seems as if a new brand of scientific crime had been created by modern conditions.

The successful criminal of to-day is no longer the man with the strong arm, the blackjack and the Jimmy. He is a man of science, often crude and limited, to be sure, but a very practical scientist. The main point is that such a criminal knows that he must employ up-to-date methods against up-to-date protection or go out of the "profession." Accordingly he sometimes gains a pretty serviceable knowledge of chemistry, physics, toxicology, often microscopy, but most of all electricity. It might be interesting but it would hardly be ethical to tell the story of science did not keep several laps ahead of the criminal in the race. Science is on the side of the law-enforcement nine times to every time it is of use to the law-breaker. The new scientific crime pays even less well than the old unscientific.

Within the past few months several very curious safe robberies have taken place in New York. In one of them the robbers practically drilled a safe full of holes. The robberies are full of scientific interest both for thieves and bankers, because of the use of electricity. They show that the time has not yet arrived for the reduction of armor on the part of people fortunate enough to have something worth stealing.

In all these cases the thieves used an electric drill. They always selected a safe that was in a dark corner, where they could work for some time without fear of being seen or interrupted. Once in the building, the thieves used an electric light feed wire to which they attached the drill, turned on the current and began to bore. As there are electric light wires in nearly every place of business and as the unscrewing of an incandescent bulb is all that is necessary for getting a connection to fur-

nish power for anything from a mechanical toy to a sewing machine, the possibilities of electricity in robbery would seem great. The old-style safe blower used to have a complete outfit consisting of blankets, files, soap, putty, a brace and bit, "soup," a can-opener, and other tools. The drill is a decided improvement on this bulky outfit.

No very great acumen is required to secure protection against such methods, however. The safest thing is to have the safe in such a position that it is visible night and day to passers-by. Light is about as good a burglar expeller as one could want. But if one persists in allowing the safe-cracker to screen himself so that he can take his time at the job, then he should adopt some of the really scientific defensive methods which are numerous.

The latest burglar-proof safe is an invention called the round-about safe described in a recent issue of a German technical journal. It has been specially designed to baffle burglars with electric drills, thermite or the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe. It is a polygonal steel structure which revolves freely on ball bearings. When the outer door is shut a small electric motor is set in motion and the safe starts revolving carelessly and noiselessly on an axis within the stone chamber into which it is built in the wall. Any tampering with its motion causes an alarm bell to ring. So long as the safe is kept revolving of course the electric drill can have no effect, as it cannot be applied in one spot long enough to make an impression.

However, that idea is more interesting than it is practical. Electric protection to-day runs all the way from the simple electric gong which sounds on the street to the very elaborate system which has recently been installed in the United States Treasury. This new system makes it mechanically impossible for an intruder to lift the latch on a door or touch the knobs on a vault without setting electric gongs ringing all over the building. When the doors of the vaults swing shut after each day's business the system becomes operative automatically and when the doors close on the clerks another set of alarms is automatically set. The electric wires all

centre in a watchroom which is equipped like an armorer's chamber and where guards are on duty every hour of the day and night.

Then there are other elaborate methods, such, for instance, as has the new safe of the National City Bank of New York, where over half a billion dollars in cash and securities are literally guarded from thieves by steam. A puncture into the side of the sixteen-ton door of this safe will release a jet of steam that would scald a burglar to death if he did not retreat immediately. Within and without the safe are brass pipes so arranged that by the touch of a secret device steam is released, inside and out, rendering the interior a death pit at a moment's notice of danger.

There are other difficulties in the trade of a cracksmen that have been devised. People have thought out schemes for protecting safes by secret pockets of sulphuric and nitric acid and even the deadly fumes of prussic acid. Then, too, there are in some safes hidden glasses of liquid ammonia that, if broken, impair the life of the cracksmen by suffocation.

Light, as mentioned before, is one of the best of burglar expellers. Some time ago a Chicagoan devised an emergency method of lighting for offices and residences, by which the turning of a master switch at the head of the bed or, mechanically, by the opening of a window or door, can be made to turn on all the lights in an office or house. These lights may ordinarily be operated by their respective switches in the usual way, but in case the master switch is turned on they cannot be turned off by means of the individual switches. This means, of course, that once the master switch has been thrown, any intruder must beat a retreat.

Inventors are now working on a scheme to apply the wonderful element selenium to practical uses, one of which is the construction of a burglar alarm. Selenium has the very curious property that in the dark it is a very bad conductor of electricity while in the light it suddenly becomes a good conductor. This property has made it possible to telephone over a beam of light by using a selenium cell. Most of the systems of telegraphing photographs have utilized selenium cells in one form or another. Recently Mr. William

J. Hammer, a New York consulting engineer and once an assistant of Edison, suggested that the element should be used as a burglar alarm. The burglar of the future may be surprised, says Mr. Hammer, when he turns his ball-eye lantern on the combination of an alluring safe. For on the front of the safe there will be a selenium cell and the moment the light strikes it a system of relays will be put into action and the cell will sound an alarm.

The growth of such services as are furnished by electric light and power companies has brought into existence an entirely new kind of thief, the expert mechanician and electrician, typified by several criminals whom the Edison Company, of New York, captured several months ago.

To make the electric light meter register less than the current used, clever rogues evolved at first the crude "jumped" and "halpin" systems. The former consists simply in connecting a shunt wire to a point beyond the meter. As there is a small motor inside the meter the current passing through it meets with some resistance and is deflected through the new wire. When the readings are taken at the end of the month they show only about one-third of the power used. The "halpin system" is the boring of a small hole in the meter, where it is not likely to be seen on a cursory examination, and the insertion of a thin instrument to retard the motor. Both these methods are readily discovered and most of the electric light companies maintain very effective and secret forces of detectives for the purpose. Then there is also the more brutal method of the "lock-band system" which is merely turning back the dial with a pair of pinchers after prying off the covering.

But it was not until a man named Barth came along that the really scientific method was discovered. Barth was an expert electrician, and he devised the "magnet method" which defrauded the company of thousands of dollars in fitching electric current. He sold hundreds of his "attachments," some of them to quite prominent people, who knew they were defrauding the company, for they were always careful to remove the attachments before the inspectors came.

Barth's device looked like a sheet iron box with side pieces of heavier iron pro-

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jecting downwards about ten inches, making a sort of stand. This was attached to the top of the meter. Inside was an ordinary electro-magnet connected by a flexible wire with the nearest electric light socket. The magnet was powerful and tended to retard the motor inside the meter. Sometimes when the current used was small it would actually cause the motor to revolve backwards. The dial could thus be driven back to zero if desired, but the users were careful not to excite suspicion by doing that, or by failing to let the meter register something. They never went so far as to claim a credit from the light company. The box was neatly finished in aluminum paint and was very appealing to the dishonest. But a confederate soon betrayed the man to the company's detectives and he was punished.

On the other hand, the telegraph, the telephone and wireless are of much more service to the criminal-hunter than to the criminal. Take for instance wireless telegraphy. Its advent has enabled the police to communicate with ships on which criminals are stamping escape, instead of merely cabling to the port of arrival. The classic case is the capture of Dr. Crippen and Ethel Leane on a slow steamer in mid-ocean. Scotland Yard spent upwards of \$2,500 on telegrams and cables giving descriptions of Crippen, sent all over the world. Yet, at last it was by wireless that he was trapped by Captain Kendall of the steamer "Montrose."

Still, wireless has been used to circumvent the law, too. In Chicago, for instance, a floating poolroom outside the three-mile limit, and thus beyond the city's jurisdiction, was for some time maintained on a steamer on Lake Michigan. The quotations and reports from race tracks were all received by wireless.

During the fight against the race track central office detectives one day noticed what looked very much like a short wireless telegraph mast projecting from a gable of a cottage near a race track down at Coney Island. One of the men determined to watch that outfit for a time and see whether it was a toy or an illegal device.

While he watched he saw a flash of light from a little aperture in the gable, like the reflection of the sun in a looking glass. It lasted just a moment but it was enough to excite his suspicion further. And the

more he thought of it, the more suspicious he became, for he had just heard that somehow, in some secret way, a group of poolroomers was getting the racing news. Inquiry showed that the cottage belonged to a well-known and reputable actor. But it was learned that he had let a couple of rooms in the attic to two men who, he understood, were engaged in making tests for a new trans-atlantic wireless telegraph company. That was enough for the detective.

With the aid of an expert electrician connected with the central office, they got up a rival outfit in a neighboring cottage in the hope of intercepting some of the messages. It was a delicate matter and several days were spent before their instrument was armed. Finally, the proper adjustment was found and, to their amazement and satisfaction, the third race came clearly to them from the other. Then they waited a bit and pretty soon along came the fourth race as accurately as the third. Then came the raid. They made two prisoners, one man with a telescope and the other doing the sending. It was the reflection of the sun on the glass of the telescope that had excited suspicion quite as much as the short wireless mast which had first attracted their attention. The receiving station was across the meadows in direct connection with a telephone. The rest had been easy.

Recently a Pittsburgh millionaire, in a desperate effort to learn the details of the defense which his wife meant to enter to his action of divorce, spent thousands of dollars equipping his mansion with a remarkable invention by Edison, the acoustiphone. Thirteen of these instruments, each one of which will magnify a whisper 1,000 times and carry it to a given point, were installed in the house during his wife's absence and arrangements were made to have all the conversations which his wife held either with her attorneys or her friends taken down in shorthand.

The servants in the house were apprised of his plans because it was impossible to install the instruments without their knowledge. The most liberal inducements were given them to keep the matter secret, but one servant informed the mistress of it with the result that the husband's spies were treated to some amazing conversations, not one of which was of the slightest

value in the litigation. When the wife and her attorney grew tired of the joke they took hatchets and chopped out all the wires.

One instrument was placed in the drawing room. It was in a plain black box and the electricians who put it in place suspended it under a baby grand piano. Blackened silver wires carefully concealed ran from the box down the legs of the piano to the plugs in the floor, and to these, receivers similar to those used on telephones were attached. In the room containing the receivers a stenographer was stationed to take down the conversations.

In time, no doubt the telegraphic transmission of photographs will be of great use in bistering broadcast the likenesses of criminals who are particularly wanted. Already this system has been put in operation between a London and a Paris newspaper and it has been tried with success between New York and Boston. Much remains to be done in perfecting the technique of teletrography, but it may now be accepted as an assured fact of the near future, and some inventors are now working on a wireless method of transmission. When these inventions are perfected they will be a new terror to the lawbreaker. The "electric eye" will follow him around the world.

The X-ray has been used more than once in helping the police to wage their relentless war on crime. In a recent case in New York, a negro was arrested, charged with having stolen a diamond valued at several hundred dollars. A careful search failed to recover the stone. At last the owner suggested that the negro might have swallowed it. The X-rays were applied to him and a radiograph was taken. Sure enough, the rays disclosed the diamond, reposing in the intestines of the negro.

Rontgen rays will make visible what is inside of a man's body. The inside of his mind is not so easily got at by other people. But there are indirect ways. A certain man was strongly suspected of having committed a murder through direct evi-

dence of his guilt was lacking. Circumstantial evidence was weak, so the prosecuting attorney hit upon a scientific scheme to secure confession.

The suspected man was put upon the stand with the witness chair arranged for the occasion. It had arms upon which the witness would presumably lean his elbows and over the edge of which his fingers would naturally grip. A wire was extended along the under side of one arm; and, at the place where his fingers would naturally clasp the arm, it was connected in such a way that the pressure of his arms and fingers would be recorded on an electrical apparatus in an adjoining room.

The criminal was placed in the chair and questions were asked him, starting with simple ones so as not to excite deep emotion in the man in the chair if he were guilty. To the eye he was perfectly calm throughout the ordeal. But electricity did its work. He unconsciously telegraphed his emotions to the next room and the information thus obtained was sufficient in the hands of the attorney to secure a confession of guilt from the man. Thus one kind of electric chair sent him to the real "death chair."

Not only electricity and X-rays have been used in criminology but radium as well. What is believed to be the first case of criminal use of radium recently engaged the attention of Liege, Belgium. A wealthy old bachelor was found dead in his flat. At first it was thought that a stroke of apoplexy had killed him, but a close examination of his body revealed a curious discoloration. A specialist was called in and he gave it as his opinion that the skin looked as if it had been exposed for a long time to the emanations from radium. Thus the police were led to examine all the inmates of the house and it was found that one of them had fled. Investigation of his room showed he had been occupied in studies of radium and the police arrived at the conclusion that the old man had been done to death by a systematic application of radium rays to his head probably while he was asleep.

How to Make Yourself Germ-Proof

NATURE, says William Lee Howard, M.D., in an article in Munsey's Magazine, has provided in every human body cells and antibiotics for protection against the poisonous germs which surround us everywhere, and which enter the body through some of the air or food passages. If this were not so, not one of us would live to reach the adult age.

In our blood and tissue we have constant and self-renewing protectors which meet the invading hosts of disease-germs at their first attempt to injure us. This is true in respect to the free-born—those born free from hereditary taint of ancestral vices.

In those not free-born, care and understanding of the whole matter can strengthen and cultivate the natural protective cells; so no man or woman of right living need be unduly anxious about a tendency to disease. This "predisposition to disease" may remain, but the disease itself may be kept out of the body.

What follows applies to the weak as well as to the strong. Our safety from attacks of germ diseases is practically assured if we understand and assist nature, instead of neglecting and ignoring its aid and its laws.

What can one do to make himself comparatively germ-proof? He can do a great deal. When the subject is thoroughly grasped, he possesses the power to make for himself a physiological armor through which few, if any, of the ordinary germ diseases can find entrance. And the whole process of forging this eternal protector is so simple, so little troublesome, and so teachable to a child—where its great value lies—that its plaudites sound like a bacalaureate sermon.

It is no sermon. I shall be too plain-speaking and physiologically correct to have it confounded with the prudish fear that is too common with college presidents and churchmen.

If a man can make a powerful yet delicate and intricate machine, whose smallest parts are capable of being kept free from outside dust, and whose internal self-made dirt finds a constant outlet, up to this point he has a perfect machine. But to bring it to a still higher degree of effi-

cency, every running part must be self-oiling and self-balancing, and all must work harmoniously and without undue friction. In order to keep this man-made machine up to the point of its full efficiency, the conditions under which the machine first started must be rigorously maintained. There must be no cracks or breaks to let in outside dirt to clog and wear bearings; no stoppage of the outlets for cast-off oil, grime, or the fine by-products of energy.

Under these conditions, he can run his machine, even in an atmosphere of dust and smoke. But if any of the above precautions are neglected, even a comparatively atmosphere of dust will soon cause some delicate part of the machine to wear out, and will impair its original efficiency. In other words, the man-made machine has allowed the entrance of material injurious to its delicate parts, and the steel organization is diseased.

Now, the human body is the most perfect piece of mechanism on this earth. It is nothing but a machine, which, when structurally completed, runs by combustion. If the by-products are constantly eliminated, and if the machine's proper fuel—food and water—is clean, and of such chemical elements as to leave no foul residue in tubes, gearing—vessels, and joints—then the human machine can work for nearly a century, even in an atmosphere of ordinary disease germs.

Mind you, I am speaking of a human machine into which nothing but the best of material has gone. This is the great point to keep ever in our minds when we contemplate the building of a human body which is to work after we have finished, and to aid in the progress of the world; for we have not yet really started in an understanding of the possibilities hiding behind the misty bank of the future.

The first principle to get clearly in your mind is the law of intake and output of the body. It is the same law that governs all combustion engines—that we must have sufficient fuel of the cleanest nature, but no more than can be utilized in returning the utmost energy. The lungs are the ignition points.

From food and water are taken the chemical elements necessary for growth and repair—for the human machine can repair itself. As in any form of chemical change, there result ashes and gases. Organs such as lungs, kidneys, liver and intestines are constantly throwing off dead and useless material. The skin is also a great eliminator of the poisons made in the body.

To keep the body free from its self-made poisons, all the organs must work smoothly and evenly. Any over-development of a particular organ causes it to throw off more of its poisons than its fellow organs can take care of. Big biopsies and undeveloped intestinal muscles make for the retention in the body of disease germs. Neglect of the even development of the organs of the body allows toxic material to accumulate. Then we have a condition from which many troubles may arise.

Whatever troubles may occur in the organs themselves, such as cirrhosis of the liver, kidney disease, or mental afflictions due to the flow of poisonous blood through the brain, the main thing to remember is that any one of these or similar conditions weakens some part of the human machine. This lowering the tone of resistance makes ready soil for the deposit and consequent development of disease—germs—germs which otherwise would be harmless, for they would be attacked and devoured by the defensive hosts in the body, which are kept there for this express purpose.

We all know the absolute necessity of pure air for the health of the lungs, and indirectly, of course, for that of the whole body. Next to the lungs, the greatest breathing organ is the skin. Ignorance of this fact has been a frequent cause of contracting germ diseases.

When the skin can freely and without effort throw off the poisons coming to its surface every second, it keeps the kidneys from being clogged, as well as its own surface from offering chemical dirt, in which germs will lodge. About two pints of fluid containing cast-off material leave the body through the skin every twenty-four hours. We call this "unconscious perspiration."

A very eminent British authority on bacteria has just startled the world by stating:

"I do not think that cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method."

As with many other statements made, for medical men only, and understood by them in their full meaning, Sir Almroth Wright did not refer to ordinary bathing, but to the excessive scrubbing and soaping of the skin customary in Turkish baths. He claims that this scrubbing of the skin removes certain of its protective elements, and so allows the entrance of microbes. Properly understood, the great scientist is correct in his statement.

Most people believe that bathing opens the pores of the skin. It does not. Under the skin are thousands of delicate muscles. These muscles are there for the purpose of opening and closing the network of tiny blood-vessels which nourish the skin, and also to control the surface temperature of the body.

The skin should be kept in condition to cast off all the self-made poisons which come to its under surface. A sponge or plunge bath every morning is beneficial; but prolonged baths are apt to leave the skin in a fit state to harbor disease-germs. Men whose skin is more or less covered with hairs should take a plunge or shower with more care in details than those who possess a smooth and delicately-covered skin. The hair on the skin is liable to collect and hide germs.

The physiological ideal of sleeping is with a bare skin. The bedclothes offer a sufficient covering for comfort, and do not stick to the skin and thereby remain as a sodden garment. When rolling over in bed, nature's way of giving every portion of the skin's surface a chance to breathe, they do not roll with the body. In the ordinary nightclothing, every time you turn, you simply carry the covering with you, thereby depriving the skin of its full breathing opportunities.

For the same reason you should never allow sodden underwear to remain next to the skin. Nightclothes, in particular, should be loose and baggy.

The main channel through which poisonous germs enter the body is the breathing apparatus—the nose and the mouth; sometimes the ear. The forms of tuberculosis, pneumonia, spinal meningitis, diphtheria, poliomyelitis, tonsillitis, reach the body through the nose and mouth.

The present state of civilization calls for constant care and watchfulness in methods of breathing and in the hygiene of throat and nose. Automobiles and trolleys rushing along the city streets keep in motion millions of germs. Heaps of dried manure are churned into dust; its hidden germs are turned out and sent through our window-screens, and on to our pillows, for us to breathe in, unless nose and throat are germ-proof.

They can be made germ-proof only by cleanliness and right breathing. See that there are no growths—adenoids—in the nostrils. Have the breathing channel perfectly clear of all foreign substances. Wash it seldom, however, and then only to clear it of mud dust. In perfect condition, the nostrils are germ-proof. Salt solutions and other similar "home remedies" are dangerous, because the salt, or alum, or whatever is used, irritates the sensitive membrane, and it is this slight irritation which gives lodgment to germs.

The habit of mouth breathing must be stopped absolutely. Only by the air being filtered through the nose can you remain germ-proof. Remember this.

Next in line of making yourself germ-proof comes the care of the teeth. Decayed teeth, like any other rotting foreign substance, make a good bed for germs to breed upon. In brushing the teeth, gentleness should be the rule. Any rough brushing irritates and inflames the gums, and again we have a beautiful breeding-spot for bacteria. The use of the average tooth-powder to be found on the market will keep you from making yourself germ-proof.

Accumulation of fat will keep you in a condition for the ready acceptance of disease-germs. Accumulation of fat on the outer surface of the body also means fat around the kidneys, liver, and intestines. In that state, these important organs are not free in their movements, and are prevented from working out all their poisonous products. The by-products of these poisons are absorbed by the blood and tissues.

Hence it is that the over-fat man feels lousy, his mind is sluggish, and there is that general feeling of "all let down." Then comes the common and fallacious idea that a drink will tone him up a bit; but it acts quite the other way. The alc-

hol starts the heart pumping the poisons throughout his body. These penetrate everywhere, frequently finding a weak spot where they commence to do their damaging work. Perhaps the toxic materials lodge upon the valves of the heart. This being so, you can readily see that when disease-germs from the outside get into the blood, we cannot put the heart to work with sufficient force to send the phagocytes, or eosinins, to the field of battle.

At this point something should be said concerning exercise. More men in the past generation have been injured through over-exercise than from under-exercise. Like most things in the United States, physical training and exercise have been overdone. Athletes and their instructors have gone into training for one thing only—the wrong thing—records. Our sports have not been carried on with the right aim of making men constitutionally strong and germ-proof. "Bust the record" has been our motto, no matter if you "bust" the heart in doing it.

If you will take notice, you will observe how common it is for former athletes to succumb to some germ disease. It is not because they were athletes, but because, as athletes, they expended energy instead of making and storing it. I do not believe that any contestant in that heart-breaking stunt, the Marathon run, will ever have in him reserve force to withstand a good attack of disease-germs. At an age when he needs force and cell endurance, it will be found wanting. The heart has expended much of its intended reserve force. When called upon at forty-five years of age to put out latent energy, it will not be able to do so; it was stretched and enlarged so much at its growing period that it has become soft and inelastic.

The man who has led a sedentary and careless life, and who, when told he is getting too fat, at once jumps into some form of violent exercise, is injuring himself—throwing away all chances of making himself germ-proof. What such a man needs is slow, comparatively effortless exercise, such as walking or moderate swimming. But it must be kept up systematically—as regularly as his sleep.

The man who accumulates dollars by the bag and fat by the day usually wants to get rid of his fat in the same manner

—by rush and hurry. Then something inside him goes wrong, microbes enter his system, and his bags of dollars are useless.

The fact that man is out of harmony with the things around him, and with the conditions under which he lives, is one great cause for the inroads of disease-germs. We cannot go into this side of the matter except in one instance.

During our course of evolution, the gross parts of the body have not kept pace with the development of the brain and its functions. We have ceased to be anything but a thinking animal; but some old remnants of our past remain inside us.

There is the lower bowel, for instance. It is absolutely useless to us, like the appendix; yet we cannot ignore its presence. We must regulate our habits of eating and eliminating by order of this lower sack. If it were not for this fact, we could well thrive upon concentrated foods; but we cannot do so and keep germ-proof. All kinds of foods, condensed foods, chewing-laws, dieting, vegetarianism, stuffing of raw meats, and other dietary freaks, must go down before the law of the lower bowel.

Why? Because this sack or pocket receives the cast-off and dead material which is the by-product of the body's combustion. The fluids and gases have been eliminated through the skin, lungs, kidneys, and other organs; but the balky stuff, the indigestible muster, finally drops into the lower bowel.

In the days of the hunt, and of gorging, when man went skin free, and staffed his belly until he dropped into a somnolent state, this lower bowel was absolutely necessary. Furthermore, its muscles were always being exercised, and this fact caused a complete and effortless cleaning. Now this same process of filling the lower bowel goes on in all of us, but the tons of the muscles being somewhat less, we have material remaining which, if not looked after, causes a reabsorption of poison that nature never intended to return to the blood. This reabsorption soon places the intestines in a fine condition for breeding typhoid and other germs.

To prevent this dangerous condition calls for a varied diet. We must put into the alimentary canal solid substances, along with fruit and vegetables. We must eat such food as requires chewing, in or-

der to stimulate the juices along the intestinal tract, and especially those of the liver. Water should be poured down to alimentary tract by the pants—in the morning, before eating. There is about thirty-five feet of piping in this tract. Surely you would keep clean any other set of pipes through which all kinds of solids and fluids passed. Very few disease-germs, if any, can live in a healthy intestinal tract.

Pay attention to these matters, and eat such mixed foods as will act as a stimulant to the muscles of the lower bowel, and you become practically germ-proof in the matter of typhoid, dysentery, and allied fevers.

Of course, if you do not do everything in your power to see that your drinking-water is unpolluted, that no sewers or waste-pipes empty into your wells or reservoirs, you have neglected the secondary principles of making yourself germ-proof. I say "secondary principle" because the first is personal attention—the individual's vigilance in seeing that his human machine is in perfect order, and contains the natural anti-toxins and protective cells.

Of what use is a thorough examination of milk, cows, and barns, if the individual who milks the cows is not first examined? Many persons are innocent carriers of disease. They carry on their hands, clothes, or toilet articles the germs of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and spinal meningitis. Every individual, man or woman, who handles milk should be tested frequently, to be certain that he or she carries no germs. If such an inspection were rigorously enforced upon all those who come in personal contact with foods known to be capable of retaining disease-germs, we should soon have a better state of affairs. Of course, we shall have to keep a strict watch on food products and their environments, but it will be useless if one milkman who is carrying typhoid germs on his hands enters the most perfect hygienic cow-barn or milking-room.

The fact that more girls and women do not succumb to germ diseases demonstrates nature's effective provision for the self-killing of germs. There is scarcely a woman or girl who does not daily carry deadly germs to her lips and mouth. Dirty money, tells or silver, hat-pins, a strand of some dead Chinaman's hair, theatre

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tickets, newspapers, programs, combs—anything and everything that she may wish to retain for the moment. It looks to me as if women never outgrow the baby age—everything they take hold of goes into their mouths.

Women will never be safe from germ disease, from the simplest to the most horrible, until they keep their mouths for eating only—and, of course, for conversation. They will never be free from the danger of skin ailments and baldness—all germ diseases—until they stop putting the hair of dead men upon their scalps. Wire cages, rat-traps, and other cannibalistic head-gear, irritate the skin of the scalp, and then come germ troubles. You can never become germ-proof until you keep all artificial materials off the scalp. Even a woman's own dead hair is an abomination and an enemy.

You cannot inherit a disease. If you inherited consumption, you would die before being born. What you do inherit is some form of weakness—a lack of vitality in some organ. This is due to the effects of disease in your parents or ancestors.

Knowing just where this weakness or constitutional defect is, you can so build

and live as to make yourself germ-proof. If you come from a family of consumptives, for instance, you can be as free from the disease as the best of us.

But you have to consider the conditions in which you live and work. Nothing but fresh air, good food, and plenty of rest will do the trick. You cannot work amid chemical fumes, or where dust is always flying—not the dust that you can see, but that killing, invisible dust that you find in steel-grinding shops, button factories, and similar places.

I have said that you cannot inherit a disease. There is one exception—venereal disease. Oh, the curse of this is on the land! About one-half of the afflictions of man can now be traced to this source.

We cannot here enter into this matter, a most vital one to the nation, not on account of any false prudery, but because it is too extensive a subject to be dealt with in a few pages. However, this can be said with all the emphasis I can give in print—man or woman, youth or maid, can never become thoroughly germ-proof unless each understands sex hygiene, and the laws to be obeyed in this fundamental matter of health.

The Magazine in National Advertising

THE magazine is supreme in the national field as the newspaper is supreme in the local field. This statement opens Truman A. De Weese's article in *Judicious Advertising*.

There is no longer any conflict between magazines and newspapers as to which is the better advertising medium, except when a superficial advertiser gets the notion that newspapers are national mediums and tries to make them to do something they are not organized to do.

If you advertised in every newspaper in the United States you might be doing national advertising, but that wouldn't make the newspaper a national medium.

It is essentially a local medium. Its circulation and influence are circumscribed by the boundaries of the city, or county, or district in which it is published. The magazine knows no boundaries except the boundaries of civilization.

Its field is the human race.

Magazines are the artillery of advertising; newspapers are the infantry.

By shelling the citadels of Doubt, the big guns of the artillery can bring an engagement.

Shelling the consumers will quite often force a capitulation, but detachments of infantry thrown against the weaker places is good strategy in publicity warfare.

The big guns of the magazine artillery have more carrying power, but it is the constant "ping-pong" of the newspaper infantry that sometimes drives the purchasing public into places where the goods can be bought.

The magazine creates a demand for a commodity through national advertising.

The newspaper localizes and formalizes this demand by bringing the consumer to the door of the local dealer.

Intelligently used, the newspaper may crystallize the national fame of a trademarked commodity into actual sales at the various points of distribution.

The evolution of the modern magazine from a monthly mirror of fashion—a purveyor of patterns for female apparel—into a positive force in government and politics is the most interesting chapter in the wonderful story of twentieth-century journalism. It is a far cry from *Godey's Lady Book* to the modern magazine that is a recognized force in politics and business.

More interesting than this, however, is the story of the great national enterprises and industrial establishments that have been built up entirely through the advertising pages of the modern magazine.

Any comprehensive survey of the creative power of magazine advertising would embrace a history of our industrial progress for the last quarter century.

The great specialties that have contributed to the convenience, comfort, and luxury of the human race have been launched and developed through national advertising.

After these specialties have become staples in common use in millions of homes we are apt to forget the circumstances of their origin and the manner in which they were started through magazine advertising. It is easy to recall the names of many commodities originated, introduced, and brought into almost universal use through magazine advertising.

It was the magazine that created and developed amateur photography, and which finally embedded the word "kodak" in the common language of the people.

It took Edison's wonderful toy, the phonograph, and developed it into a machine that fills thousands of homes with sweet melody.

It introduced the safety razor, the shaving stick and the shaving powder, teaching bewhiskered humanity how to escape the tridom of the barber shop.

It revolutionized business correspondence by the introduction of the type-writer, and still further facilitated the transaction of business by popularizing the fountain pen.

It has given national fame to trademarked brands of ready-made clothing

furniture, sanitary supplies, watches, hats, underwear and soups.

It has educated thousands of men on the uses and necessities of life insurance, and persuaded them to make provision for their families against want and suffering.

It has given us the "Angelus" to evoke sweet music from the neglected piano, crystal White Rock Water for our table, Sapio and Old Dutch Cleanser to brighten up the kitchen, wholesome and nourishing Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Jones Little Pig Sausage for our breakfast, fifty-seven varieties of soups, relishes and other foods for our luncheon, delicious gelatine preparations for our desserts, and a comfortable Ostermoor to lie on at night. Through pages of automobile advertising that represent the highest skill of the artist and writer it is building mammoth industrial establishments in great centres of population, and is taking millions of people from the city into country highways, along sunlit meadows and singing brooks.

It is easy to point out the advantages of the magazine as a medium for national advertising.

And what I say in this connection, bear in mind, refers only to national advertising.

No one challenges the pre-eminence of the newspaper as a medium for the local merchant and the local advertiser. The newspaper has no competitor as a medium for carrying the message of the local merchant directly into the homes of his customers.

It is true that in the larger cities the street cars are making a successful bid for the advertising of local merchants, but while the street car may effectively reach a certain class of customers and a certain percentage of the population, its limitations are too obvious for extended discussion.

It can never hope to take the place of a medium which takes the merchant's message directly into the home where it is seen at the time of the consumer's greatest mental receptivity, and under conditions that make a more definite impression than the street car can possibly make upon the casual passenger.

Many of the advantages of the magazine come quickly to the mind of even the

most superficial student of advertising. In the first place, the magazine page stands out alone, separate and distinct, from any other advertising.

The magazine page is not grouped with a miscellaneous hodge-podge of all sorts and varieties of advertisements.

It doesn't compete with Lydia Pinkham or with Rosenberg & Goldsmith for the attention of the reader. It represents "the bull's-eye method" of advertising. The attention of the reader is not diverted or diverted while he is looking at it. His attention is concentrated upon that particular advertisement to the exclusion of all other interests, and hence the probability of a more definite and positive impression. The newspaper cannot present such a clean-cut, isolated appeal to the attention of the reader. Its shape and form present mechanical difficulties that are insurmountable.

Another obvious advantage of the magazine advertisements is in its long life. The life of the magazine advertisement depends on the home or the family that takes the magazine and reads it. In many homes the life of the magazine is limited only by the life of the home, for it is a fact that in the case of mail-order advertising orders are received for commodities in answer to advertisements printed many years ago.

The receipt of coupon requests for a cook-book clipped from magazine pages has been an almost daily occurrence in the office of The Shredded Wheat Company, although the coupon style of advertising has not been in use since 1904.

In most homes the life of the magazine is from thirty to ninety days, during which time it is read and reread by members of the family, by visitors, callers, and members of neighboring families. The magazine advertisement may be said to be alive and on the job for a year after its publication.

The fact that in binding the average magazine in the average home it is now the custom to bind in the advertisement is a most impressive and significant tribute to the artistic beauty and literary merit of modern advertising.

The life of a newspaper at best is only twenty-four hours. It is not intended to live longer than this, for the reason that in twenty-four hours it is quickly follow-

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ed by another picture of the world's events, which is supposed to supersede, and in many instances completely nullify, that which has gone before.

The feature of the newspaper advertisement that balances and compensates for the short life of the paper is the continuity of the advertisement and its repetition from day to day.

The newspaper to be of any value to the advertiser, must make up in continuous daily repetition what it lacks in dignity and long life.

While magazine circulation covers the nation mainly, there is no question but that it reaches the intelligent, educated discriminating, well-to-do elements of the population.

The purchasing power of the average magazine family is admittedly and obviously much greater than that of the family which depends entirely upon the newspaper for its reading matter.

The taking of one or more magazines, through yearly subscription or otherwise, presupposes certain standards of taste, education, and purchasing ability.

This has manifest advantages for the manufacturer who is putting out a commodity the possible consumption of which is limited to certain classes of people.

The fact that he can reach through the magazine the particular class of people that is naturally interested in his product enables him to avoid what is known as waste circulation, which is the source of the greatest loss in national advertising to-day.

The percentage of possible purchasers of safety razors, talking machines, suspenders, typewriters, piano players, and automobiles is much smaller than the percentage of possible purchasers of food products.

The percentage of possible purchasers of automobiles in any community is small.

In advertising an automobile in a newspaper the object should be to localize the national fame already given the car by connecting it with the local sales agent and showing where the car can be seen and demonstrated.

In the case of food products, it might be argued that the entire human race is the field for advertising the products. It happens to be a fact, however, that adver-

ised foods are specialties, and are not eaten in all classes of homes.

Even a breakfast food is eaten only in homes of a certain grade of intelligence where the value of cereals as a part of the daily dietary is understood and appreciated. In the case of Shredded Wheat we have found that its consumption is confined to a certain class of homes where the mother or housewife actually purchases the food that goes into the home, and where the dietary arguments behind the product have been presented to her in such a way as to convince her of its wholesomeness and healthfulness.

It is true that we make extensive use of the newspapers, but it is entirely to supplement and localize our national campaign, and in selecting the mediums we quite often take the papers of smallest circulation, because we happen to know that they reach a larger percentage of the kind of people who can usually be reached by the arguments of cleanliness, wholesomeness, and digestibility which lie behind our products.

The backbone of our business is national advertising in national mediums that cover the entire country, supplemented by newspaper advertising in localities where our agents, samplers, and demonstrators are doing special work.

No other adjustment of the advertising problem is logical or sensible.

Advertising in the magazines for the national advertiser avoids trouble and conflict with local merchants.

There is very little danger of inviting the opposition of the local merchant where the manufacturer uses the retailer as an important and essential part of his machinery of distribution.

The intelligent retailer will regard national advertising in the local newspaper as an aid to his business, helping him to move the produce off of his shelves.

Where the manufacturer is inclined to step over the head of the retailer, however, and go direct to the consumer, the retailer is very apt to protest against the advertising of the product in the local newspapers, and as the advertising of the local retailer is more valuable to the average newspaper than the advertising of the manufacturer, the newspaper cannot be blamed if it favors its own local business and the interests of the community which it serves.

In the case of pure mail-order advertising of course this opposition is more pronounced.

The magazine also presents a decided advantage when we come to consider the cost of covering the national field with a manufactured commodity.

In order to cover the national field in the newspapers it is necessary in most instances to pay for a vast circulation that has no possible purchasing value.

And now I come to what is perhaps the greatest of all the advantages which the magazine possesses as a medium for national advertising—that which it derives from its editorial dignity and influence and its literary prestige.

Perhaps you think this is of no value to the advertiser.

It would seem to require only a superficial study of the subject to impress the logical mind with the fact that the literary tone and prestige of a magazine are a most valuable asset in advertising.

A certain magazine has a reputation for breadth of editorial treatment for unwavering accuracy, and high literary tone.

Every advertisement in that magazine partakes somewhat of the dignity and tone that pervades it, and the reader unconsciously attaches more weight to its advertisements.

Such names as Dr. Albert Shaw, Walter H. Page, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Colonel Harvey, Henry M. Alden, William Dean Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Cyrus Curtis, and Edward Bok cannot fail to give a certain weight to the advertising carried by the publications which they direct, no matter how little responsibility they may assume for their tone or accuracy.

Behind the modern magazine which has any standing or influence is a personality that stands for culture, enthusiasm, and conscience. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the dignity and strength imparted to a magazine by able editorial direction forms a substantial and respectable background for the advertising pages, and commands them to the more careful consideration of the reader.

The newspaper throws a motion-picture of civilization on the white screens of publicity.

The magazine holds the picture there until it brings out all the lights and shad-

ows and gives to human intelligence the proper perspective.

We need the clean, independent, fearlessly edited newspaper to give us a daily picture of the world's happenings; but we

must look to the magazines—and a few ably edited newspapers—to keep alive and alert the public conscience, to give vital and vivid expression to the higher ideals of life.

An Answer from Boston

REFFERRING to an article from the *Critic*, in a recent number of *MacLean's Magazine*, entitled "A Freak, a Fossil and a Fanatic," Mr. Alfred Farlow of the Christian Science Church in Boston, writes: The author of the article seems to have some conscientious scruples in misclassifying Mrs. Eddy in this list, as is indicated by his apology "It may seem at first glance a mistake," but he adds "a very brief study of her philosophy and life makes the reason for so doing quite apparent." It should be remembered that Christian Science is indeed a science and must be so treated in order to be understood. In the Christian Science movement one is not permitted to pose as a teacher of Christian Science and as being capable of giving a clear and satisfactory understanding of the subject without having proved his understanding by at least three years of successful healing according to the methods of Christian Science, and we think we are justified in asking the author of this article whether he has proved even to himself that he understands Christian Science by healing the sick according to its rules. It is quite impossible to be sure of one's understanding of mathematics from a simple perusal of its rules, from "a very brief study" of its "philosophy," while skipping the examples for practice.

It is quite true, as our critic declares, that Mrs. Eddy had "splendid ability as an organizer," but of what avail is an organizer unless he has something to organize? The faithful adherence of her students is due to the fact that Christian Science is worth something to them. It has brought to them a clear consciousness of divine power and consequently a degree of health and happiness which they had never before known. This is the secret which holds their loyalty to the

Christian Science Church. They have followed their leader because she has followed Christ, and because the teaching which she has given them measures up to the divine requirements. Jesus declared "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The gentleman declares that "Science and Health" is the only voice and the only authority in the Church. As a matter of fact, the Bible takes first place in the Christian Science services, while in the lesson-service which takes the place of the clerical address correlative passages from the Christian Science text book are interspersed.

Mrs. Eddy has not presented a new deity, but she has presented a new and definite understanding of "the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob" and has thereby made it possible for mortals to utilize divine power. It is not the purpose of Christian Science to supersede primitive Christianity, but to give a spiritual understanding which renders it more practical.

Our critic's declaration "the man on the street doubts the sincerity" of Mrs. Eddy is purely a guess and a very bad one. On the event of her demise, the daily press of the country was almost unanimous in its grateful recognition of her excellent character and ability.

As to having borrowed anything from Mr. Quimby, only one argument is necessary to refute this allegation, and that is the fact that nowhere in her writings or teachings appears anything that is akin to Quimbyism. Mr. Quimby was a magnetic practitioner; he treated his patients by various forms of manipulations, and there was nothing in his teaching or practice that could ever suggest or lead up to Christian Science. One could not accept the teaching of Christian Science without

making an immediate and complete departure from Mr. Quimby's practice.

All well informed persons agree with the wisdom which Mrs. Eddy manifested in the copyrighting of her books. With out this step it would have been impossible to have protected her teaching from adulteration and vitiation.

The term "Mother Mary" does not apply to Mrs. Eddy in any sense, and was never permitted by Mrs. Eddy. In fact, a by-line of the Christian Science church prohibits the application of either the term "Mother" or "Mary" to her. Some years ago some of her students gave her the endearing term of "Mother," but in later years when this term was abused, Mrs. Eddy forbade its use, and frankly gave her opinion that she never did believe the term applied to her. In the Manual of the Christian Science church Article XXII, Section 1, occur the following words: "In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, loyal Christian Scientists had given to the author of their

textbook, the Founder of Christian Science, the individual, endearing term of Mother. At first Mrs. Eddy objected to being called thus, but afterwards consented, on the ground that this appellative in the church meant nothing more than a tender term such as sister or brother. In the year nineteen hundred and three and after, owing to the public misunderstanding of this name, it is the duty of Christian Scientists to drop the word Mother and to substitute Leader, already used in our periodicals."

It is a great mistake to suppose that the healings of Christian Science are occasioned by the exercise of human will, as in mesmerism or hypnotism, for Christian Scientists recognize but one mind, one power, one influence, and that is God. Moreover, if Christian Scientists "worshipped the woman," they would be outside the pale of Christian Science, for the deification of mortals is entirely contrary to the teaching of Christian Science.

Efficiency in Sales Management

GEORGE H. EBERHARD, in addressing the National Sales Managers' Association in San Francisco recently, said:

"The lack of standards—plans—and then real careful and useful field work is apparent in the majority of sales departments to-day.

I do not mean by this that the sales departments are weaker and less efficient than the other departments of business handling the advertising, accounting, shipping, warehousing or credits, for the great majority of such departments have a low average of efficiency as it is now interpreted.

This organization of sales managers is directly interested in the sales department's work, and particularly the duties of the sales managers, so I will confine my remarks to that department's work for a time at least.

I am compelled to say a few words on the subject of "Efficiency"—the word that

is now on every business man's tongue.

Hardly three years ago and the word efficiency meant little or nothing to the business man. To-day, it is used by every one, because men like Harrington Emerson, Attorney Brasfield, Gant, Geing and Taylor, have demonstrated its value when rightly used, and have shown us what its real interpretation means. All this is well set forth by my friend, St. Elmo Lewis, who says in his "The New Gospel of Efficiency":

"The American executive is not a thinker; he is a doer." This has been the boast of our commercial Solons for a hundred years. There was never a more impotent and silly boast in the world. Every executive and the head of a department ought to be able to do anything better than a subordinate—in the sense that he should know how to get it done. If he doesn't he is a victim of the subordinate. To obtain greater efficiency both the executive and the head of the department

must think out a careful analysis of the actual methods and results of each subordinate. Inefficiency on the part of workers is the inevitable result of lack of thinking on the part of the executive and the head of the department."

I interpret efficiency to mean the basis of "common sense" applied to business—finding by study and analysis the "right way" of doing each act or thing in business, and then doing or having it done the quickest and easiest way.

Efficiency standards will move the employee higher in the scale and level the more employer to a point where he will get what he is really worth. Efficiency standards eliminate waste on the top as well as at the bottom of the business structure.

Of course, the fundamental error that we find when looking at the organizations whose sales departments do not show a very high standard of efficiency is that the proprietors or chief executives do not allow the manager of the sales department to have time enough for much thinking, analyzing or planning. The sales manager is usually expected to assume many duties that could be handled by a competent assistant, or duties that should be attended to by the man higher up, or by the manager of some other department.

A sales director in charge of both the sales and advertising departments in large organizations will overcome this weakness in the present work of many sales managers.

The tendency of the heads of firms to pass to the sales manager work not directly connected with his problem of making each salesman a growing, efficient, result-producing unit in the sales force, would be done away with if a sales director could be employed, for he would be the office representative of the sales and advertising departments, allowing the manager of each department time to analyze, think, plan, and go into the field.

To get the "limit" out of each salesman in a sales force calls for sincere co-operation with each salesman on the part of the sales manager, a proper distribution of territory, the right handling of his orders, reports and correspondence, the prompt posting on prices, credits, com-

plaints, mail orders and other matters that transpire in his territory.

I am of the opinion that the sales manager is the deciding factor in the high or low efficiency of each unit in a sales force. In other words, the salesmen cannot get away from his directing influence. Salesmen will become more efficient or their efficiency will decline in proportion to the strength or weakness of the sales manager's personality and ability.

It is necessary to school and teach each salesman to insure efficiency, and this can only be done by a sales manager, who is capable and willing to instruct.

Every new salesman should be provided with a history of the house, the policy and aspiration of the owners, also a sales manual giving the best sales talks, ways and methods, and a set of helpful house rules.

The majority of sales managers neglect the field work. This in my opinion is wrong. Every sales manager is reducing his standard of efficiency—his value as a barometer—as an understanding guide and leader of his salesmen when he discontinues going into the field and analyzing the work of "selling the goods"—getting next to the real problem of the trade, and above all, the dealer's experience with the consumer.

The sales manager that sits at his desk except for a few short trips probably social, listening to his salesmen's views and the opinions of the friendly trade who visit headquarters, gradually gets the wrong perspective.

The salesman seldom can see competition and trade conditions and analyze them in a way that takes into consideration both the house's, his customers' and his own interests. If a salesman is worthy of the name he is not able to do this. His interest will predominate.

To get at the "heart" of conditions in the field, one must go and see the field. A doctor might prescribe effectively for a patient by mail, or on the report of a relative, but a visit, and personal observation and experience with the patient is the surest and safest way.

The amount of business that can be reasonably expected from each salesman—each town, city or country for that matter—the helpful instructions, ways and

means of securing this business does not receive the undivided thought and careful attention it should in most organizations. When we come to consider the value of a plan—by that, I mean a plan that includes all the factors—we find a still greater weakness.

Very few concerns study the economic utility value of their product, its probable demand, the reasonable expectation, and then apperceive it intelligently with reference to logical area and population.

Very few concerns or sales managers have studied how to get the best average result from each salesman and still permit him to do constructive and intensive development work to forestall competition and prepare for future planned expansion, or can explain their conclusions so that they can not be shot to pieces by one who is analytical.

The majority of business men are poorly informed on subjects more vital to their interest and profit, than you may credit. It is just "profit" with them, while the truth is that business is the real activity of all mankind. Even doctors, lawyers and preachers could not exist without it, and when efficient standards prevail, we shall not need many of them.

To foster discussion, do you know of a concern that has a definite plan to build to year by year for at least two years ahead?

Would not a skeleton diagram of policy, purpose and reasonable expectancy to build to, be a great help to a sales manager?

This is readily obtained if the data is collected intelligently and compiled by one experienced enough to understand its value.

We will take one illustration, a whole-sale grocery: Suppose their plan was built up, showing the towns, the responsible grocers in each, their present estimated or known business on certain lines which it was desirable to sell, the business obtained by their salesmen from each grocer, the possible dollar volume of trade that they could aspire to for this year and the next year on each line of goods from each grocer. This could be added to, but the above will serve. Would such record be of service in handling a salesman who visited these towns?

The present plan of keeping records ends with a history of the past. How much to work for, figured on a sane, reasonable basis is missing.

While each year sees change and possibly progress, very few big concerns are built as a result of planning. It's only after the work succeeds that much bragging is done about the foresight or plan that was utilized.

Usually a "hope" and "persistent desire," plus "working like grim death," when forced upon the concern by circumstances, is what builds the business.

The full understanding of the value of planning the selling campaign of a product, having the trade properly estimated, and the goods and prices balanced, is lacking in most institutions who feel they are doing "very fine." How surprised they are every now and then to discover a better way to distribute a new sales possibility, or as is more often the case, they are wrong in trying to work as they are doing.

To deliberately study a field, look into all phases of the situation and the merchandise, then to plan, carefully estimating possible and reasonable achievement covering a few years, devising a sane method, and building constructively in each territory toward a definite goal will become more general when the advantages are understood.

It is necessary to have reasonable standards set up for comparison of each unit's work and the organization as a whole. The natural tendency is making rapid strides towards the day when enterprises will by means of purchase and consolidation control the source of raw material, the means of manufacture and the wholesale and retail system for distribution to the consumer.

I predict, in the next ten to twenty years, greater changes in the conduct of business both as to organization, methods and the distribution of profits than has taken place in the past fifty years. The employees will increase in proportion, and the number of independent and distinct organizations will be few compared to this day. The present wasteful methods must go. Unnecessary duplication and the wasteful multiplication of profit and costs

must make room for the most direct and simple way.

The commercial world requires this for many reasons, the most pertinent being that the concern that does plan ahead will easily succeed in distancing the concern that does not. It means increased efficiency and business for the winner, and an active appreciation of the same to the loser, and a general speeding up for both.

In the end it will be but a final chapter in Eugene Sue's great history of the "Proletariat Across the Ages." The present unjust, unreasonable and inefficient distribution of work and return will be corrected in spite of all subtle misuse of, and wilful opposition to efficiency principles. Yes, greater progress than through any political or religious creed is what "efficiency," rightly interpreted, means for the worker, and his name is man.

How Some Merchants Drive Away Trade

IT IS a fact, says Wesley A. Stanger in "Business," that some merchants will use every known method for attracting customers, and when they have succeeded in bringing them into the store will turn about and employ their best efforts to drive them away. The big stores, of course, are less liable to the evil of killing trade than the small ones, and when they drive trade away it is usually the fault of minor employees. But the irritable, narrow-minded merchant is by no means a curiosity in the world of trade.

Sometimes a man gets the idea that because he is doing a good business and his sales increase from year to year, he does not need to give thought to his relations with the public. He becomes cock-sure, and figures he can get along without the trade of those customers whose methods are in the least displeasing to him. He will not hesitate to show a lack of interest in their accounts, and to offend them without the slightest provocation. There are, of course, customers who are unreasonable, and whose trade is not to be desired for other reasons, but when such a person is met with it is the wiser part to get rid of the account with tact and grace, retaining, if possible, as an asset, the lost customer's good-will. However disagreeable a person may be, he generally has a circle of friends who are influenced by his actions and statements, and although the individual account may not be worth keeping, the good-will of his friends is worth while. No man can get along in business if he makes a practice of making enemies.

In one of the larger cities, a haberdasher has a store in the centre of the office district. He is doing a nice business and is so located that he gets a great deal of transient trade. Several hotels are within a square of him, and large office buildings surround his location. He carries a stock of high-grade goods and gets high prices. He enters to a trade that wants things quickly, and does not spend much time in decision.

This merchant derives a great deal of time and thought to decorating his windows, which are situated so as to get the best results. The interior of his store, likewise, is inviting, but his personality is not the most pleasant. He has two clerks behind the counters at all times, and on Saturday afternoons employs two others. All have acquired his surly manners, and customers are given to understand that an extended display of goods is distasteful, since the intention of the house is to make quick sales. These characteristics, however, are not the most serious drawbacks to the store's success, because the buyers are usually in a hurry and only want to purchase a few things and get out. Notwithstanding the evident study that is put in this store's window arrangements, the merchant made a practice of driving people away from his windows.

Recently two men were walking past his place and one of them was attracted by a display of silk pajamas. He called his friend's attention to it, and the two

men were looking at the goods when a third, a mutual friend, came down the street, and seeing these two, stopped to chit with them. The third man was out on an errand to buy some hardware, and his presence in front of the store was the result of his desire to buy, and he was, in reality, headed for the door. For about five minutes the men talked, during which time the proprietor and one of his clerks were watching them. Attention was diverted from the window by the conversation. Finally the owner told the clerk that he thought those fellows had been long enough in front of the window and instructed him to go out and "swep them off the walk." The clerk, only too ready to follow this suggestion, took a broom, swept up a pile of dust and deliberately brushed it over the shoes of two of the men without the slightest apology. The men, interested in their conversation, stepped aside, when the youth swept more rubbish over them. One of the men noticed the movement and resented it. The youth, backed up by the proprietor, made some insulting remarks and continued to raise a cloud of dust. This caused more resentment on the part of the victim, who finally sent the youth back into the store with a promise of a trouncing if he repeated his work. As soon as the youth was inside, the three departed, and the two men who had intended to patronize the store went elsewhere. One of them spent \$14 and the other \$5 in a store three blocks away, and the third was so incensed at the treatment that his friends had received that he made a mental reservation never to patronize the store. All three men agreed that they would tell their friends of the occurrence and take pains to keep as much trade away as they could influence.

It may be that this retaliatory spirit was not exactly the right thing, but the fact remains that this haberdasher, by his in-excessive methods, lost the trade of three good customers.

In a department store located in a fair-sized city, an occurrence took place recently which probably has not been paralleled anywhere else in the country. The strange thing about it was that the man at the head of the business had been trained in a big city elsewhere, but even with this

behind him, he killed a customer whose monthly bills ran into three figures.

A customer having a charge account, bought in the neighborhood of \$125 worth of merchandise a month. The day the bill was received invariably a check was mailed, and a large circle of friends followed her lead. She was really the centre of a line of trade that ran into several hundred dollars a month, if not more than a thousand. One day this particular customer walked in to make some purchases, which in the aggregate amounted to \$40. Owing to the heat she fainted and had to be cared for by one of the women clerks. After a short while she regained her strength and left the store. The period of time consumed by the clerk in ministering to her amounted altogether to a little over an hour. The proprietor had seen the occurrence, and after it was over inquired of the young woman as to how long she had been with the customer. On being told, he made a note of it and instructed the cashier to withhold seventy-five cents from her pay at the end of the week.

The following week the customer called to make some purchases and to pay her monthly bill. She went to see the young woman who had taken care of her, to thank her for the aid she had given her, and was surprised beyond expression when the girl informed her of her employer's action. Of course, the customer reimbursed the clerk and went straight to the proprietor for an explanation. Upon confronting the proprietor she was more amazed than ever when he nonchalantly informed her that the clerk was correct in what she said, and that he felt he was perfectly justified. The customer was shocked. She handed her check to the proprietor for the amount of her account. He calmly receipted it and gave her as well a receipt for the seventy-five cents.

As the customer left the office she determined never to patronize the place again, and being a member of clubs and societies, and having a large circle of friends, she made it a point to relate the incident to others. The result was that it spread far and wide and the store lost many customers and hundreds of dollars in trade by the proprietor's penurious methods and his apparent mis-treatment of his employees.

Small stores are not the only ones that drive away trade by ill-advised methods. One of the largest and most prosperous stores in one of the big cities displayed vacuum bottles for a week recently at a very low price. A man passing through the store noticed the bottles, and realizing the value of them determined to buy one. His desire was accelerated when he picked up a newspaper and happened to see the bottles advertised. Upon reaching the office, he sent his stenographer over to buy one. Knowing the manner in which they were made, he cautioned the girl to ask the sales person to examine it before sending. The bottle was to be delivered to his home address, and when it arrived, notwithstanding the fact that it was packed in excelsior and cellulose board, the interior was broken. The bottle was returned the next day, but the clerk refused point blank to do anything about it. The man who made the purchase was surprised, but determined to find out why. He went over himself and was met with the same refusal. He finally offered to take a credit slip to be applied on another purchase, or to turn it in on a larger purchase, but the clerk was stubborn. He called for the manager of the department, who backed up the clerk, then he insisted upon seeing the buyer. All three did not deny that the bottle was broken by their driver, and all agreed that the broken portion would be replaced by the manufacturer for half a dollar, but still refused satisfaction to the customer. Finally the buyer explained that the bottle was an infringement on the patent of another concern, and that they could get no redress and did not propose to stand the expense themselves. There was nothing in the advertising matter or in the placards that bore out the statement, and the customer was unprotected, for he could not be expected to know anything about the patent litigation, and to him the name of the house was sufficient guarantee for satisfactory goods and fair treatment. The buyer refused to listen to any proposition, and the customer appealed to the exchange department with the same result.

By this time he had wasted more time than the purchase was worth several times over, but he intended to be satisfied before he was through. Finally the discontented purchaser appealed to one of the officials, who was also the general manager. He recited his grievance and repeated the offers of compromise he had made. The manager immediately ordered a new bottle sent to the customer's house and apologized for the treatment he had received. The fact was that, the buyer had purchased the goods and had to sell them out quickly or be shown up. He had sent word all down the line that no exchange was to be made and to shift the goods on the customer by any hook or crook, but got the money. The store management was not to blame. It was a hired employee who did the damage, but while in this case it did not drive the customer away entirely, there is no telling what effect the same treatment had upon others who bought the bottles.

Sometimes a customer who has always paid cash will get to a point where he has to ask credit. Generally the cash sales have attracted no particular attention, and the man really has no credit at the store. With reluctance the merchant accommodates the customer, and if it happens that he gets a little slow he is put down as poor pay. After a while the account is all paid up, but the credit file of the firm shows that it was a long time coming. Later on the man begins to pay cash again, but no record is made and he gets no credit for it. Hundreds of receipts for cash purchases have no bearing on the case as far as the merchant is concerned.

A recent case of this kind occurred with a man who was well able to settle his bills, but who ran into a slump in business, which was accompanied by sickness and unusual expenses. As a result he secured credit, and proved somewhat slow in payment. Later on he came through all rights, and paid cash again. One day his wife called up for some material she wanted, asking that it be charged to her husband's account, and the store refused to deliver it, giving no reason. When the man came home he investigated the matter. He asked to have the goods sent C. O. D., and this was done, proving to him that it was a case of getting the money. He went to the store with a packetful of receipts, showing that he had spent a great deal of money at the place, and that he had asked for credit but once. The proprietor was confronted with evidence of the most convincing na-

ture, but he merely expressed his regret and referred to the time when the man was slow. As a result the customer canvassed the other people in the trade, to see whether his credit was good elsewhere, found that it was, and transferred his account. The retailer had no excuse for his action. He deliberately drove a good customer to a competitor.

Some proprietors, even in this enlightened age, seem to think that the way to get results from employees is to abuse and humiliate them. Recently a man who is at the head of a good sized business happened to walk down an aisle in his store, where a girl was waiting upon three women. Apparently, becoming dispeased with the way she did her work, he proceeded to upbraid her most unmercifully before his customers. The customers might not have been exactly pleased with the service they were getting, but the proprietor's line of abuse startled them to such an extent that they forgot their purchases. The girl grew nervous and was unable to finish the sale, and the three women walked out unsold. All of them were angry, chagrined, and felt as though they had been personally insulted. They never went near the place again. This same man kept up his practice time after time, and his help soon became indifferent to the success of the house. Every time, moreover, that he displayed his temper before a customer he either drove that customer away or disgusted her with the store so that she gave him as little of her trade as she could.

It very often happens that when a sale on certain goods is advertised the numbers are exhausted early in the day. This is especially true if it is an unusually good value that is offered. When this is the case in stores that are well conducted, the clerks frankly state to the customer the reason that they are unable to deliver the goods. One storekeeper had a habit of advertising sales on goods that he had no intention of delivering, and when customers asked for the advertised goods he tried to point of something else. He deliberately planned the deception, and while he sold large quantities of the goods he offered in place of the advertised ones, he was driving away trade every time he did it. The deception that he practised was suicidal, for his customers soon began

to suspect the facts and took their trade elsewhere. The biggest asset that any merchant has is confidence. If he loses that he is in a fair way to lose his business. This merchant actually thought he was right. He argued that the purpose of advertising was merely to get the people into the store and once he had them there it was up to him to sell them what he wanted them to buy, not what they asked for. Ultimately he found out his mistake, but it is a fact that thousands of other retailers are doing the same thing every week in the year.

Unless the spirit of harmony pervades the entire organization there can be little hope of a store experiencing a healthy growth. Too many retailers look upon those employed by them as "help" and fail to co-operate with them or to secure co-operation among the employees themselves. In one store the proprietor made it a point to disagree with his employees on every point. If an employee was handling a customer and made a statement regarding the goods that were under discussion, this proprietor invariably would take issue with the salesperson, contradict the statement, and attempt an explanation to the customer himself. He would deplore the clerk's ignorance and hemmean the fact to the customer that a proprietor was so much at the mercy of his help. As a result a spirit of criticism and ill-nature pervaded the place. Clerks did not co-operate with each other and none expected co-operation from the "boss." The store seemed to be attacked by a sort of leprosy, while other stores in the town moved rapidly ahead. Customers could see that there was no team work, and most of the sales were made only because customers believed that a particular article could be bought more cheaply there than elsewhere. There was no satisfaction to be derived from trading at this store. Incidentally, it might be added, the proprietor succeeded so well in driving away trade, that eventually the sheriff got him.

Boasting has been said to be a very potent factor in individual success of every kind. Business men have found that helping the other fellow along redounds to their own individual benefit. In the highly organized stores where shoppers are numerous, this has been reduced to a science, and is the last resort when a custom-

mer that is hard to please is being waited upon. In some stores, however, the habit of attacking a competitor is still indulged in, and whenever a "knock" is registered against another store it is usually a blow for the store where the stock is made. People have preference in places where they buy the same as they have preference in other things. A woman may prefer one store, and yet be making purchases in another. If one of the clerks should happen to attack her favorite store, she not only forms a bad opinion of the store she is in but thinks just that much more of the other one. When a man "knocks" the other man's store, he is simply advertising it and driving his customers over there as fast as he can. A "knocker" is his own worst enemy.

It is not always convenient to sell people exactly what they want, particularly when it involves dismantling a counter or window display to suit the whim of some customer, but the wise merchant will not let the matter of a little inconvenience prevent him from risking a sale or cause him to lose a customer. A man happened to look in the window of his favorite clothing store, and saw a suit of clothes that impressed him favorably. The price tag said \$40. He went in and asked for it. The salesman began showing him other suits, and when he insisted, told him that they never disturbed a window display. The customer had been buying clothes there for a long time and felt that he was entitled to that much service if he wanted it, quite aside from the fact that he was ready to pay for the suit as advertised. He appealed to the proprietor, who answered him in the most suave manner, but

refused to meet his wishes. The man knew what he wanted, and he also knew that he was going to get that suit or make his purchase somewhere else. The result was that he went to another store and made that "his" store thereafter.

Customers feel that they have a divine right to criticise and compare values in one store with values in another before the proprietor, his clerks or other customers. The practice is not a generous one, but so long as it continues retailers should either make capital of it or leave it alone. In a certain eastern town there is a man who never fails to resent this attitude on the part of a customer. He will go into a rage if anyone assumes to question what he says about a piece of merchandise, and invariably expresses his displeasure if his goods are compared to their disadvantage with those of other stores. He is up in arms the minute his competitor, his goods or his prices are mentioned. At the slightest provocation his anger is aroused. The result is that the other stores on that town are doing most of the business.

When a customer makes comparisons or expresses a doubt of values, it is up to the retailer to overcome by facts and logic the prejudices that exist, to smooth his customer over, and above all make the sale. He should concentrate on getting the order. Allowing his feelings to get the best of him is a method of trade killing that is most effective. No retailer should be servile, nor should he sink his personality, but he should bear in mind that the customer is as much entitled to his opinions as he is, and he should respect these opinions and prejudices just as he would want his own respected.

Architecture and Flying

HOW ugly a city must look to the sky above it; how our buildings are intended to be looked at from the street and our architects, naturally, leave the roofs to get along with themselves and the birds—are suggestions made by Henry Harrison Supplee in an article in *Carrier's Engineering Magazine*. With this as a basis he goes on to point out the

effect which aerial navigation would have upon our architecture.

All training in architecture, he says, within historical times has taken as its initiative the appearance of details and ensemble from some point upon the surface of the earth. The classical orders depend for their effect upon the peculiarities of human vision directed from below up-

ward, while the impressive influence of the Gothic vaultings is due very largely to the perspective from the pavement. All designs of facades assume the position of the spectator to be in front of the building, and the development of the tall business building in the great city has involved the peculiarly difficult task of providing an effective front from the viewpoint of the observer on the opposite side of a narrow street.

This attempt to produce effects from below has led to some curious methods of design and construction. Heavy overhanging cornices, originally forming a structural part of massive masonry buildings, are now frequently made of thin sheet metal, bolted fast to brackets of structural steel and painted to correspond to the general effect of the shell of the steel cage construction. Details resembling elaborately carved stone, sufficiently bold in design to be evident from below, are likewise made of sheet metal and attached to frame work or balcony in a manner not unlike the methods obtaining in theatrical stage settings. These are but isolated examples of the manner in which it is tacitly assumed that buildings are expected to be seen almost entirely from the surface of the ground, and that the unlovely reverse of the picture is not to be looked at.

In these days of isolated tall buildings and towering structures the hideous ugliness of the tops of most of our large cities is being laid open to view, and the sham character of the so-called ornament appears before the eyes of a limited number of the inhabitants. When we realize that the general utilization of aerial transport will change the viewpoint of the great majority, the influence upon architectural design may be faintly perceived.

The spectator who stands upon the upper portion of one of the modern tall buildings and gazes down upon the tops of the surrounding houses sees many things which would never have been permitted if the architect had understood that the point of view was to be from above. Chimney-pots, tanks, elevator head-houses, sky-lights, trapdoors, ventilators and the like appear in the midst of sham cornices, imitation parapets, ladders, platforms and other crudities, which, until recently, have been unobservable

from the ground or from other usual points of view. As the opportunities for perceiving these backyard effects become more general it is certain that some attempt will be made to give a more seemly aspect to the tops of existing buildings, and with the general removal of the viewpoint to the higher elevation the methods of design must surely be modified.

Already a certain number of photographs of important cities, taken from above, have been published, and serve to show how these places really look when a good opportunity to see them is afforded. The freedom with which architects and builders have felt able to neglect the tops of buildings, upon the supposition that they cannot be seen from below, is doubtless responsible for much of this unattractiveness, but there are other and more profound reasons.

In recent years and particularly in newer parts of the civilized world, the influence of engineering development has shown itself powerful in the modification of architectural methods, mainly by the extent to which new principles of construction have been produced. The extending use of skeleton steel construction, relieving the walls of the principal burden of weight and distributing the load over the entire area of the structure, has made the tall building possible and permitted the employment of light enclosing walls of brick, tile or concrete. Structural improvements alone, however, would not have made these changes practicable, and it remained for the perfection of the high-speed elevator to place the upper floors within reasonable access from the ground, and even then the invention of telephonic communication was necessary to permit man to remain in their offices and residences in these far upper stories and communicate throughout the city and country. Thus the work of the engineer has exerted, in this single department of architecture, an influence more far-reaching than any which can be traced to considerations of mere artistic effect.

When such buildings were produced the efforts of the architect were strained to treat them in such a manner as to give any real beauty to the structure. In some cases, especially when the building fronted upon an open space or park, the opportunity of a fairly distant view made

the tower-like construction manageable; but such locations are the exception, and in some cities the tallest buildings have been erected upon the narrowest streets, rendering any observation of the upper portions from the ground almost impracticable. In certain well-known cases the problem has been frankly abandoned, and a crude brick, chimney-like edifice, without any claims whatever to artistic design, accepted as inevitable.

If such difficulties have been encountered in connection with mechanical developments which affect merely the construction of a building, what changes may not be anticipated when the entire viewpoint is transformed?

If the general and convenient points of access, of vision and of service are to be to the tops of our buildings and not the portions near the surface which face the streets, there must come an absolute transformation in construction, interior arrangement and artistic treatment.

Some of the changes in the uses of buildings under the changed conditions may serve to indicate the lines along which modifications in construction will occur. At first the principal thought will, doubtless, be that of protection against damage from falling machines or substances, but with this will doubtless appear a desire to make the tops of buildings points of observation, and also for use as landing platforms. With the exception of certain experiments in the matter of alighting upon the decks of vessels, this latter point is one as yet hardly considered, the present-day aviator choosing his landing place where it seems most convenient. Doubtless, one of the earliest features of more fully acquired experience will be that of descending at any desired point, preferably upon the top of the owner's dwelling; and, in any case, the present irregular character of the upper portions of buildings makes descent in a city most dangerous, whereas it should be made most convenient. Public spaces, to and from which machines may be operated, will probably come first; but one of the greatest advantages of aerial transport, as has already been noted, will lie in the possibility of making the complete journey from individual terminal to individual terminal, and any limitation of terminals would be as objectionable for the

flying machine as it would be for the automobile.

It is probable that for a long time to come the delivery of heavy material into buildings will be made through entrances upon the surface of the earth, and thus a certain detail in the design of the lower parts of the buildings will be determined. Personal entrance and the delivery of lighter material will gradually be transferred to the top, being landed above and kept away from the ground, and thus a differentiation of interior arrangement will naturally follow. It is probable that the extreme upper-stories of buildings under the new arrangement will be the most desirable, in the cities at least, and will include the gardens, landing platforms and points for the reception of visitors. Some indication of the modification may be seen in the so-called roof gardens already in use upon the tops of hotels and theatres in the United States, and the popularity of these places during the warm season shows how greatly the rearrangement of the roofs might conduce to the desirability of the new order of things. It is evident that even such a minor change would modify very materially the whole architectural scheme for such buildings, since the principal aspect would be from overhead, and the street front, upon which the architects and decorators have hitherto expended their principal efforts, would be unobserved and of minor importance. Probably the lower floors of buildings would become less and less desirable for residence or for retail business, and the segregation of various industries into layers according to the nature of the work may be indicated.

The transformation, however, will doubtless be far more profound in its ultimate effects, and it is altogether probable that the general development of an independent method of transportation through the air will have much to do with a general change in the distribution of population and industry. The ancient remark as to the fact that "great rivers nearly always run by large cities," may be invoked as bearing upon one of the earlier reasons for urban growth, while it is certain that the development of railways has borne a large part of the concentration of population which forms so significant an element in social affairs of the last quart-

er-century. Not all mechanical developments, however, tend to produce congestion, and it seems as if some of the latter appliances were acting to undo the effects of their predecessors. The influence of the automobile upon the conduct of affairs has been referred to frequently in these papers, partly for the reason that its effects have been produced within the most recent period of observation and partly because those effects partake somewhat of the same nature as those which may be expected in consequence of the increased use of the aerial machine. One of the most marked influences of the extending use of the motor car has been the dispersion of population which it has made possible. The railway has led to the extension of certain phases of suburban life, but the extensions which it has made possible have been limited to points closely communicating with the lines of the railroad itself. The automobile, giving access to every highway and branch road, and aiding in the development of new and better roads in all directions, has done still more to draw people away from the large cities, and it seems probable that a large proportion will continue to seek home away from the congested centres and leave the great towns to be populated, to a great extent, by the operatives and workmen, who cannot be separated widely from the places of their daily activities.

An influence similar to that which the automobile has exerted, and which is still more likely to appear, will be produced even more powerfully with the development of general personal transport through the air, and it seems as if a decentralizing action may follow, concerning which more will be said hereafter. This dispersion of population is bound to have a most important influence upon architecture, and the character of buildings, which are to be seen both from the surface and from the air, and which are to be very different from that of the earlier time.

One of the reasons for the existence of the modern skyscraper—a type of building which no one has attempted to excuse because of its beauty or general desirability—has been the high value of the ground on which it stands, and the

necessity of causing the building on the expensive ground to earn a sufficient income to warrant its existence. Thus, a form of structure which has no claims to architectural beauty may possibly be rendered unnecessary if improved transport methods reduce the local congestion which has influenced land values to the disadvantage of the best uses of the ground. The telephone, the motor car and the aeroplane may thus unite in aiding to disperse the crowds in our present type of cities, and thus facilitate industries and commerce, while at the same time transforming architecture and making for better, more beautiful and more wholesome buildings in which men are to spend much of their lives.

The value of special sites may be determined hereafter rather by considerations relating to the use of the property than by access to it. At the present time, the advantages which great avenues or desirable streets give to building sites often form controlling considerations in the selection of locations. If, however, the principal access is to be had from above, the street entrance becomes secondary, and may be used, as has already been indicated, mainly for delivery of bulky and slow-moving material, while the open top of the entire area, whether buildings or grounds, remain altogether independent of any other means of entrance. Controversies as to "rights of way" and routes of surface entrance, such as streets, roads, alleys and the like, must become of minor importance. It would be entirely possible for a desirable site to have no surface access whatever and yet be fully open to entrance from above, no method of closing off the aerial route being practicable.

It will be seen that such considerations as have been noticed above also apply in connection with the opening up of sites, most desirable in themselves, but hitherto barred by reason of the difficulties of access. Man has long envied the ease with which the larger birds have been able to choose their homes upon elevated locations, to which he can work his way only by laborious exertion and great risk; but with the possession of similar means of travel the entire surface will be opened up for his exploitation and use.